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IN some ways the most interesting passage in the German note is the confession that Germany "expected that a mighty ship like the Lusitania would remain above water long enough, even after the torpedoing, to permit its passengers to enter the ship's boats." It was a thin expectation on which to risk fifteen hundred lives, but there is no reason for doubting that this is just the expectation Germany was counting upon. The so-called peace party in Germany has been haunted ever since by this disappointment. The ship went down; America was furious, Germany was delighted. The prospect of trouble was evident, and the Admiralty immediately began to invent a defense by teaching the German people that the Lusitania was armed. But the defense was too good; that is to say, it convinced the Germans so thoroughly that the diplomats could hardly retreat from a position in which their lie had caught them. If they compromised with the United States they destroyed their own prestige. If they justified the act they risked war with the United States. Between these two alternatives they had to write their first note to Mr. Wilson. In our opinion it was a document composed by the moderate group, and intended quite as much to extricate themselves from the delusions of Germany as to find a *modus vivendi* with the United States.

THIS second note seems also the product of political forces in Germany. It represents an attempt to satisfy diverse opinion at home without sacrificing the prestige of the administration. There is every reason for supposing that its authors were honestly trying to find some approach to the question which would mollify the extremists in Germany and still seem to concede something to us. The note was written by men who regard themselves as moderate, and they may well have imagined that their friendliness of tone and appearance of yielding would rally the pacifist and Bryanite sections of American opinion. To reconcile so many different views, to satisfy so many passionate tempers, would require a genius. No one has ever attributed genius to the diplomats of modern Germany. Under the circumstances a clumsy note was practically inevitable. An evasive note was also practically inevitable, for compromise is rarely more than an evasion of extremes. But an ironical note it was surely never intended to be. Its effect of irony is produced by the difference between German assumptions and ours—an effect which was probably heightened by the difficulties of translation. Many serious things sound queer in a foreign language.

WHEN the protocol in the Cloak, Suit and Skirt Industry of New York was abrogated by the manufacturers, we predicted that sooner or later, either with or without a strike, the union and the Manufacturers' Association would be forced to enter upon some new agreement which would in effect be a substitute for the protocol. To-day the task of creating such a substitute agreement is being undertaken by a Committee on Conciliation appointed by the Mayor at the request of both

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sides. The difficulties of a settlement are extreme. Much of the ill-feeling which caused the destruction of the protocol still survives, and the manufacturers are unwilling to grant the committee more than merely advisory powers. Moreover, the problems to be solved are exactly those upon which the board of arbitration under the old protocol failed to bring the two parties into accord. What is encouraging, however, is that strong as are the forces tending to keep both sides apart, the forces making for conciliation and the mutual support of union and association appear to be even more powerful. The appointment of the Mayor's committee at the request of the two parties is a recognition of the supreme interest of the whole city in this controversy. It may also prove to be the means of formulating a public opinion that will convert the recommendations of the Mayor's committee into an effectively binding award.

MR. NUGENT, a Democratic "leader," resurrected last week the speech opposing woman suffrage made by Senator Root in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1894. The speech is probably as good now as it was then; it will retain its quality as long as there are antis. In its way the speech is a little classic, stating the case with as much conviction and sense as it can be stated. Mr. Root begins by asserting that suffrage is not a "natural right." With this we gladly agree, believing that there are no "natural rights," though we wonder why Senator Root was so anxious about certain "natural rights" in his speech to the Constitutional Convention of 1915. Mr. Root believes in "natural rights" to property, for example, but not to the suffrage. This is a paradox for him to resolve. The question of suffrage, he goes on to say, is one of expediency. The suffrage of women is inexpedient, because woman is by "nature" unfitted for politics. Why is she unfitted? Because politics is modified war. Because politics is "protection against the arms of evil." Perhaps Senator Root is right in his conception of politics. For our own part we cannot see why there are not forms of "protection" which woman is peculiarly fitted to create. The education of woman to responsibility, the strengthening of the social relations of the home, are a protection of the most genuine kind. Woman may be unfitted to wield the club and the bayonet. She may still be eminently fitted to wield health laws, labor laws, educational programs, and the other civilized instruments which are our surest protection against the armies of evil.

MISADVENTURES of Professor James H. Brewster throw light upon some of the mental processes of Colorado's "best citizens." When on December 7th, 1914, Professor Brewster of the University of Colorado took his academic life in his hands and testified before the Industrial Relations Commission on the matter of the Colorado strike, he was promptly denounced as an anarchist by the respectable journals of Denver. One newspaper advised that he "be made to behave himself or be discharged, and that mighty quick." The Governor of the state was of the same opinion. A professor of law should teach real property, contracts and conveyancing, but should not meddle with questions that did not concern him, such as the actual administration of the law in Colorado. Later Professor Brewster was again invited to testify before the Commission, but did not accept because he was threatened with dismissal if he did. On May third Professor Brewster committed another inconvenient act. Upon hearing of the conviction of John R. Lawson on the charge of murder he wired Lawson: "Unbelievable. Urge coolness among friends. Legal steps will annul injustice." The Regents of the University had a perfect legal right to discontinue Professor Brewster's services, and they availed themselves of that right.

ONE of the awkward factors in Britain's recruiting problem seems to be the inclusion of Sir Edward Carson in the coalition cabinet. During recent months the Irish Nationalists have enlisted in large numbers, but the appointment of Ulster's spokesmen has whetted the Irish anti-recruiting campaign, resulting in several hundred imprisonments without trial. It is the familiar round of agitation and repression, and can do no good. The key to an Irish settlement, moreover, is really in the hands of a coalition cabinet. As a member of the government Sir Edward Carson is actually in a much better position to meet the Ulster difficulty than as a belligerent critic, and it would undoubtedly clarify opinion in Ireland, not to mention opinion in America, if the coalition cabinet gave Ireland a forecast of its intentions. The war has exposed the opportunism of the home rule bill's financial clauses. A conference on the required amendments would probably go far to assure Ireland that the bill is not going to be a "scrap of paper." It would also be one way of showing Irishmen in America that nationalist aspirations do not require of them a desperate and unreal pro-Germanism.

NOT long ago we wrote concerning a report of the National Association of Manufacturers, "The Association discovers that the operation of the minimum wage has 'invariably' proved unsatisfactory and a moment later discovers that it has hitherto been applied to only one industry in one state." Whereupon *American Industries* hints that we have been "twisting the truth," for the re-

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port states also that unsatisfactory attempts to regulate wages were made during "the five hundred years which preceded the nineteenth century." We apologize. We should have known, even if we had not noticed, that the Association would look for valid precedents chiefly between 1300 and 1800. Experiments with the minimum wage were then, it is true, unsuccessfully tried, or untried. So were experiments with steam power, electricity, automatic machinery, railroads, division of labor, advertising, the factory system, combinations of capital, and almost all other heresies of modern industry.

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE, the warden of Sing Sing, has shown wise restraint in declining to reply to the attack which the Superintendent of Prisons launched against him in the newspapers last week. The public will judge Mr. Osborne by the idea which he personifies, not by the rights and wrongs of any personal controversy. One specific charge made by Superintendent Riley, however, merits attention; the charge that there has been a reversion to the barbarous custom of "doubling up" prisoners in the narrow and unsanitary cells which the legislature still permits to disgrace the prison at Sing Sing. It now develops, after an investigation by the State Prison Commission, that there have indeed been a few instances of "doubling up." They are directly attributable, however, to the refusal of Superintendent Riley, in spite of repeated appeals by the Warden, to permit the use of a newly erected dormitory by prisoners. The reason given for the refusal—that there are no bars on the windows—serves only to increase the suspicion that state officials are not in sympathy with the policy of responsibility and self-government which is Mr. Osborne's contribution to the cause of prison reform. What the outcome of the controversy will be is not yet clear, but that it should be permitted to hamper so important an experiment as Warden Osborne's at Sing Sing is inconceivable.

THE Secretary of the Navy has been severely and generally criticized. Much of this condemnation has perhaps been deserved. But the Secretary is entitled to unqualified praise for his endeavor to gain for the Navy the recognized and regular cooperation of men like Thomas A. Edison and Orville Wright. It is the first intelligent attempt to utilize the inventive genius of the country for essentially national rather than commercial ends. The science of naval warfare has already been profoundly modified by the development of aerial and under-sea navigation. The navies of the future will be constituted along different lines. Until we are able accurately to gauge the significance of these inevitable changes, it would be foolish for us to expend vast sums for increasing an equipment which has been created to meet conditions which seem already to have been radically altered. The two gentlemen named, acting with officers eminent in their profession, are well fitted to undertake the necessary work of analyzing the experience of the present war and adapting its lessons to the needs of the future.

THE military camps of instruction now being held for college undergraduates, and the course which will begin at Plattsburg, N.Y., on August tenth for older men, both afford an opportunity for men who desire, not to go to war but to be prepared, if trouble should come, to do their part. Service of this character will not foster militarism. It will make for better citizenship. Mr. Edison and Mr. Wright by their willingness to act with the Navy Department are recognizing their responsibilities, and are rendering to the government some return for the benefits which as citizens they have received through the state from their fellow countrymen. The men who go to these camps are giving their time, their thought and their effort without compensation. They are impelled by a sense of public duty. If this spirit inspires others in thought, at least, if not in action, we shall have a more efficient navy and the nucleus of a corps of trained officers. Better still, there will be created a more definite conception of responsible citizenship, which will be most effectively demonstrated not on the battlefield but at the polls.

THE structural iron workers have gone on strike against the firm which is building the new plant of the Remington Arms Company at Bridgeport, and the company officials declare that it is all the work of German sympathizers. We do not know whether this accusation is true or completely false, but if true it is entirely reconcilable with military ethics. Diplomacy, bribery and trickery are as effective weapons in war as shells and aeroplanes, and the stricken field is as likely to be in Bridgeport, Connecticut, as in Poland or Flanders. If the bribery of a few labor leaders can cripple what is to be the largest small-arms factory in the world, the victory may count for more than would the successful buying up of a newspaper in a neutral country, or the capture of some thousands of hostile troops. Soldiers know that the ways of warfare are devious, and that many things are fair in war that are not fair in peace. As Major Penfield of the Remington Company says of the German sympathizers who he believes are trying to tie up the works, "I don't blame them. It is a part of their game."

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The Way Out for Germany

THE second German note on the sinking of the Lusitania has not been any more favorably received by American public opinion than was the first. It is particularly discouraging, not because it fails to make a wholly acceptable answer to American grievances, but because it discloses with the clarity of full sunlight the abyss which separates the German from the American state of mind. We had hoped for something different. Two weeks ago cables from Berlin authoritatively announced that the German reply would be "conciliatory." As we point out elsewhere, its proposals have at least been very much influenced by a party in Germany who are making what they take to be substantial concessions in order to prevent a break with the United States. Yet in its conciliatory proposals the German government does not even admit the United States has a grievance. It does not hint at liability; it does not suggest any reparation. If this is the German idea of conciliation, one cannot help wondering what would be their notion of obstinate inflexibility.

The gulf which separates the two countries is as deep as it is wide. The Germans began this argument by carefully planning an act which resulted in the death of over one hundred inoffensive American citizens. The exploit has been treated as a justifiable act of war, which Americans have no right to resent, and the repetition of which can be avoided only through the surrender by the United States of certain rights enjoyed by American citizens under international law. The American government cannot and will not abandon these rights, not merely because they are part of an accepted system of international law, but partly because of the barbarous way in which they have been challenged. Back of the American attitude is a deep sense of grievance, which the Germans entirely ignore. Back of the German attitude is a conviction of the righteousness of all the acts helpful to the military success of the Fatherland, to which Americans will not submit.

The building of a bridge of words across the abyss is a hopeless task, but the situation is not in spite of this fact entirely hopeless. The two countries may be able tacitly to agree not to let the division of spirit develop into a final rupture. The initiative in this matter rests with Germany. She began the controversy by sinking the Lusitania. She can take the one action which will immediately end it—that of repeating the offense. The only encouraging aspect of the situation is that she has not yet been either able or willing to do so, and if for any reason she will continue not to do so, a rupture with this country may be avoided. It all depends upon the future conduct of the submarine campaign. During the course of the war American public opinion will not insist upon an acknowledgment of liability and an act of reparation. It is not very much interested in an express guarantee against a repetition of the offense. But if the passengers of another Lusitania fall victims to another torpedo, Americans will consider that the Germans have been guilty of a really hostile act and will reply in kind.

We hope that the German government is sufficiently well informed about the temper of American opinion to understand the limits of American forbearance. The submarine campaign can conceivably be conducted so as not to renew active American resentment. All the Germans have to do is to select as their victims boats which carry ammunition rather than passengers, and not to violate too outrageously the rules which are supposed to determine the treatment of a merchant vessel by a man-of-war. No doubt such a self-denying ordinance would increase the difficulties and diminish the effectiveness of the submarine campaign, but in spite of these limitations the submarine attack on British commerce could be continued with comparatively little loss of its meagre existing efficiency. In this way the Germans might obtain without a formal arrangement with the United States a certain part of what they are now trying to embody in a formal arrangement. But they certainly never will obtain from the United States an official bargain surrendering rights on the high seas which belong to all neutrals and are not hers to surrender, and any further act of violence similar to the sinking of the Lusitania will undoubtedly serve to exhaust American self-restraint.

The future policy of the American government should be adapted chiefly to the purpose of making the Germans understand what they must do in order to avoid the conversion of the United States into an active enemy. The business will require careful handling. The controversy has become one in which words have ceased to be of major importance, and in the future too much should not be made of them. Nothing that President Wilson can *say* will induce the German government to modify its formal attitude. Neither can it at present comply with the American demands for reparation or guarantees. The time will soon come when the exchange of notes will bring to the surface a final and irreconcilable difference of opinion; and the American government will then have to decide whether it will *do* anything or not. This is the really critical decision. President Wilson knows as well as any of us that the country will not willingly go to war because the Germans refuse to make reparation for the sinking of the Lusitania, or because they refuse to guarantee the United States against a repetition of the offence. He knows that they will go to war

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in case the offence is repeated. It is for him to decide whether an act of resentment such as the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany will be more likely to incite the Germans to reprisals and so bring on war or whether it will stimulate them to understand the nature and seriousness of the American attitude, and to count the cost of active American hostility.

Who Owns the Universities?

THE marked and immediate reaction of the thinking public to the Scott Nearing case shows a growing conviction that all is not well with the conventional forms of university control. It implies a sense that universities, whether supported by the state or privately, are becoming too vitally institutions of public service to be much longer directed on the plan of a private corporation. University trustees are generally men of affairs, and as men of affairs they naturally tend to hold the same attitude towards the university that they do to the other institutions—the churches and railroads and corporations—they may direct. The university officers whom they appoint seem to have exactly the same duties of upholding the credit of the institution, of securing funds to meet its pressing needs, of organizing the administrative machinery, which their corporation officers would have. Professors are engaged by contract as any highly-skilled superintendent would be engaged in a factory. If a well-paid subordinate of a mining corporation could not get along with his colleagues and his men, or if he consorted with the I. W. W. or made revolutionary speeches in the streets, his services would be dispensed with as readily as the Pennsylvania trustees rid themselves of the unpleasantness of Professor Nearing. Trustees may respect a professor more than they do intrinsically a fourth vice-president. They may tend to err, as Chancellor Day has suggested, on the side of "merciful consideration." But they cannot see that the amenities of the case materially alter the professor's status.

This would be the case of university trustees stated in its rawest terms. That they tend so often to act as if they were a mere board of directors of a private corporation gives rise to endless suspicion that they consult their own interests and the interests of the donors of the vested wealth they represent as trustees of the university, just as they would protect, as faithful corporation directors, the interests of the shareholders of the company. It is just this attitude which the thinking public is no longer inclined to tolerate. We are acquiring a new view of the place of the university in the community. When the American college was no more than an advanced boys' academy, there may have been some excuse for this form of control by self-perpetuating and irresponsible boards of trustees. But many things have changed since Harvard and Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia, were founded. In the case of Harvard and Yale there was, it is true, a semblance of public control. The self-perpetuating corporation of President and Fellows of Harvard were responsible to Overseers named by the Legislature; the Yale Corporation included the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor and six state senators. But the other three colleges were organized under straight self-perpetuating boards, the charter of Columbia College (1810) giving the trustees full power and authority "forever" to prescribe courses of study, administer discipline, appoint the president and all officers and instructors, all of whom were to hold office at the pleasure of the trustees. Furthermore, it was explicitly provided that no officer or professor should ever be a trustee.

Now this determined autocracy may not have worked so badly when most of the trustees and practically all of the instructors were ministers of the Gospel, although even in those days faculties sometimes complained that their careful plans were overridden by men ignorant of collegiate business and little interested in educational policy. The demand that trustees' functions should be limited to the management of funds, leaving the faculties to regulate administration and control appointments is a hoary one. But with the passing of control from the ghostly to the moneyed element, the gulf between trustee and professor has become extreme. Professors have fallen into a more and more subordinate place, and the president, who used to be their representative, has now become almost entirely the executive agent of the trustees, far removed in power and purse and public distinction from the professor. The university president in this country has become a convenient symbol for autocratic power, but even when he has become a "mayor of the palace" and professors may not approach their governors except through him, the real autocracy still lies in the external board behind him.

This absentee and amateur form of university control is being constantly ratified by our American notions of democracy, and that folkway, which runs so omnipresently through our institutional life, of giving the plain ultimate citizen control, in order that we may be protected from the tyranny of the bureaucrat. The newer state universities are controlled in exactly the same spirit. Regents, elected by legislatures, have shown themselves quite as capable as the most private trustees of representing vested political interests. Nor has democracy been achieved by the cautious admission, in recent years, of alumni trustees, as in the case of Colum-

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bia, or, as in the case of Harvard and Yale, by the substitution of alumni for the former state officials. Self-perpetuating boards will always propagate their own kind, and even if alumni trustees were ever inclined to be anything but docile, their minority representation would always be ineffective for democracy.

The issues of the modern university are not those of private property but of public welfare. Irresponsible control by a board of amateur notables is no longer adequate for the effective scientific and sociological laboratories for the community that the universities are becoming. The protests in the most recent case imply a growing realization that a professor who has a dynamic and not a purely academic interest in social movements is an asset for the whole community. The latest controversy between trustee and professors seems to have been very definitely an issue between interested policy and accurate, technical fact. It seems to have been clearly a case of old tradition against new science, the prejudiced guesses of corporation officials against the data of a scientific student of economics. Any form of university control which gives the prejudiced guess the power over the scientific research is thus a direct blow at our own social knowledge and effectiveness. The public simply cannot afford to run this risk of having the steady forging ahead of social and economic research curtailed and hampered. We cannot afford to depend on the tempering of trustees by the fear of the clamor of public opinion. It is wholly undesirable that trustees should be detained only by "merciful consideration" from discharging professors whom they find uncongenial or who they feel are spreading unsound doctrine. Make university trustees directors of a private corporation and you give them the traditional right of terminating contracts with their employees without giving reasons or any form of trial. But if the university is not to be a mere degree-manufactory, or a pre-vocational school representing the narrow interests of a specialized economic class, but is to be that public intellectual and scientific service that we all want it to be, the governance must be different from that of a mining company, and the status of the professor different from that of a railroad employee. Professors should have some security of office.

An interested public which feels this way will demand that the faculties be represented strongly in the determination of all university policy and in the selection and dismissal of the instructors. It may even demand that the community itself be represented. Trustees who really envisage the modern university as a public service, as a body of scientific and sociological experts, will gladly share their power. If they do not, they will demonstrate how radically their own conception of a university differs from the general one, and it will be the duty of professors to assert their rights by all those forms of collective organization whereby controlled classes from the beginning of time have made their desires effective.

Another Cassandra

ONE of the best-known men addicted to "viewing with alarm" is Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for July he has an article called "Business and Democracy," wherein he views with alarm a new-fangled thing called industrial democracy. Unfortunately Professor Laughlin's essay is without a central thought, so that no connected discussion of his views is possible. Its literary form is considerably more like that of the psalms, though below them in wisdom and style, than like the argument of a scientist. It is a series of thoughts on life in general, running now and again to a tame paradox, and strung together by no stronger thread than an invincible prejudice against every modern phrase and an invincible ignorance of the meaning of every popular movement.

There is no exaggeration in these statements, as a summary of the article will show. After paying his compliments to "eruptions of ignorance and passion," Professor Laughlin defines industrial democracy: "Since one man's vote is as good as another's, it is assumed that one man's wages should be as good as another's." This is the good old method of putting up a straw man and then knocking him down with firmness and tact. Professor Laughlin knocks down the straw man with this brave platitude: "Some men are more efficient in productive industry than others."

This leads him to further definition of industrial democracy. Those who believe in it assume, he tells us, that the existing system of private capitalism is unjust, and work for a different distribution of wealth. There Professor Laughlin has caught an inkling of the truth. What then does he as a trained economist have to say about it? Simply this, that business men ought to beware of it, because a growing number of people believe it. Then follows another platitude to the effect that a man may be rich and good at the same time. Professor Laughlin is at this point reminded of a thing called socialism—"a purely material philosophy." The object of socialism, he says, is to obtain for the workers more material wealth to consume—a purely material end, otherwise known, we may add, as a business proposition. "It is not their aim to get more goodness, but more material wealth; unless by having more to spend they expect to grow in

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grace." We know that this is meant to be witty, but it is difficult to refrain from asking whether the object of the Steel Corporation is grace or "material wealth."

Professor Laughlin proceeds to tell a story. It is about a poor young man on a ranch, who did not spend his money at saloons but saved it, and became a millionaire. "Now did the man gain his fortune at the expense of others? Any other of these mad-riding, reckless cowboys could have done the same, if they had had the qualities that industrial success demands. Aye, there's the rub." That being the rub, Professor Laughlin is against that fad of the thriftless vaguely known as "social justice." Under this heading he includes progressive taxes to pay a greater proportion of the expenses of government. "Such a policy has no economic basis; it is solely the development of industrial democracy."

The time is thus obviously at hand for Professor Laughlin to defend "property." He does it with a whole-heartedness which does no credit to his learning. "Our rights to property to-day are what they are because the race is what it is." From which one would gather that the forms of property are immutable, that history is not a record of its changes, or that an institution which has grown for centuries would now cease to grow at the precise point where Professor Laughlin imagines it to be. A little acquaintance with modern thought, just the smallest acquaintance, would have taught him that the nature of property changes with technological advances, that a system of property suitable to wooden ploughs will not survive unaltered the use of electrical power or modern machine production. What Professor Laughlin calls by the bogey name of "industrial democracy" is this effort to adjust property to present day mechanics, communication, and popular education. It is the claim of all of us who are cranks to Professor Laughlin, that society is so hobbled by an archaic conception of property that it does not get the best possibilities out of the engineering progress of our time.

Industrial democracy is none of the foolish things that this writer says it is. The phrase covers very loosely what is in reality a very complex movement. It means a greater democratization of power in industry, a rise to a share of control by consumers and workers. It means their education in new forms of self-government. It implies experiment with fresh forms of business administration. It calls for the professional training of industrial statesmen. It requires vast alterations in the school system to fit workers for greater mobility, greater independence of thought, and vaster responsibilities.

Nor is that all, bewildering as it must seem to Professor Laughlin. Advocates of industrial democracy are interested in the determination by the community of civilized levels of decency below which no one is permitted to fall. This democracy requires large cooperative organization to offset private capitalism, and to train men to economic citizenship. It calls for as radical an effort as possible to insure not equality of wages but equality of opportunity, which means the effort to give every child full nurture and full education. Till that is achieved, till some cease to be starved in infancy or sent early to the factory while others are tended and tutored with all that wealth can bring, we shall refuse even to discuss with Professor Laughlin those "God-given differences of mind and body" with which he seems to be so well acquainted.

All this means, as he rightly suspects, a taxation of accumulated wealth. Of course it does. How else is society to pay for its progress except out of the surplus of its production? That surplus is to-day in the hands of a comparatively small class. They have it by inheritance, or by the possession of land, natural resources, franchises, or by the great aggregation of industrial power. That wealth is the fund out of which we shall pay for a finer civilization. There is no better way to use it. And far from "pauperizing the community," this wealth will give to it that healthier condition of body and mind out of which greater industrial efficiency can be won.

A writer dealing with the practical difficulties of these varied movements would have deserved the most careful hearing. The difficulties are real, and no one supposes that these great experiments can be made without much error and much waste. But to sweep the whole aspiration into one scrap-heap of condemnation is neither to point out the difficulties nor to lighten them. It is like standing by the roadside to jeer while other men go out to work.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL — FRANCIS HACKETT
WALTER E. WEYL — CHARLOTTE RUDYARD

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How Milwaukee Takes the War

BECAUSE Milwaukee is permeated with German blood there is a common belief that under its placid surface it is a hotbed of pro-Germanism. What pro-Germanism means in this connection is not defined, but it may be taken to mean a blind partisanship with Germany in the European war. Such a blind partisanship would have many implications. It would imply an unqualified support of Germany's cause, an intolerant defense of its diplomatic and military methods, a passionate criticism of its enemies, a hope for absolute German victory. It would imply as well a deep resentment of the administration's policy and a bias which, in the event of war with Germany, would certainly give cause for American concern.

To be positive about a city's pulse or temperature needs much assurance, but if an impression derived from a short visit is to be trusted, the current presumptions about our leading German city are too crude. Milwaukee, it may be fairly asserted, is far from single-minded about the war. Pro-German on the whole, its pro-Germanism is anything but uniform. Its very elements do not and probably cannot lend themselves to combustion.

The Milwaukeeans who were transplanted from Germany are not, in the first place, of uniform tradition. Middle-aged or elderly as many now are, theirs is more often the tradition of 1848 or the tradition of social democracy than the tradition of imperial Germany. When German Kultur is disparaged or when they hear that Germany is to be "crushed," no one can doubt their origin. As between Germany and the Allies, they are for Germany, but this does not mean that the bulk of them desire at practically any cost, even to America, the triumph of German arms.

I talked with such citizens as Emil Seidel, most gentle and lovable of Socialists, the dignified and fair-minded A. J. Schmitz, the robust Socialist assemblyman Carl Minkley and other representatives of the German connection. It was painful to realize what a tragedy of choice this war is necessitating. It was painful to see these men open up for question the loyalties that they seemed born to fortify. But my lasting impression was that they conceive nothing more sacred than their responsibilities as democrats and Americans. They have worked out the problem, and they know where they stand.

One type of Milwaukeean, however, makes no disguise of German partisanship. To discover this one need only talk to Dr. Leo Stern, state school superintendent and president of the Wisconsin German-American Alliance, an organization with 40,000 members throughout the state. Dr. Stern's view of the war has simplicity. Justice, as he sees it, is all on the side of Germany. This being axiomatic with him, the attitude of the world toward the Teutonic allies is declared to be worse than erroneous. The words constantly on Dr. Stern's fervent lips are "perfidy," "slander," "lies," "calumniation," "ignorance." The absolute victory of Germany is his prayer. "If justice is yet to be found in this world, Germany must be victorious." He believes in the idealism of Germany as a Catholic believes in the Immaculate Conception, and he beholds his native land as the victim of a damnable conspiracy.

A natural patriotism is mingled with Dr. Stern's other feelings. "I should like to know why I should not love the country where my parents are buried, where my sisters are buried, where I received my fundamental education." But so intense is this patriotism and so tragic his sense of Germany embattled that it makes him violently critical of America's position. He insists that up to date America has not held the scales fairly between Germany and England. He cannot bear to be forced to emphasize America's rights as against Germany's military necessities, and his emphasis seems to be mainly on obligation in the case of America and on necessity in the case of Germany. As to the embargo on arms, however, he declines to make further protest. He takes the position that protest is mere "fighting with phrases," and this he deems futile.

Dr. Stern heatedly denies that he owes President Wilson loyalty. The president is his "servant." His loyalty is not to the president but to the government—the government in which he insists that German-Americans should make themselves felt. He could only support President Wilson again should his opponent be even less desirable. "Among the blind," he said with a shrug, "the one-eyed man is king."

"But," I asked him, "in case we go to war with Germany, what shall you do then?"

"I hope no war will occur. I do not believe there will be war."

"But if there is?"

"Our loyalty ought not to be questioned," he said warmly.

"But how would you act in your difficult situation?"

"We have the will to duty. We should act according to our conscience, though our hearts might break."

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This is but one side of German Milwaukee. Although Dr. Stern announces that 4,000 Socialists have joined his Alliance since last August, the disposition of the leading Socialists is certainly quite different. Looking on the war with profound regret and hoping Germany will not be crushed, they yet do not want to see her triumphant. Asked how many Germans in Milwaukee might decline to stand back of America in case of war, a Socialist leader declared very emphatically: "Not five per cent. Of that I am absolutely sure." He was a man who spoke admiringly of German discipline. He had served in the German army.

The press in Milwaukee is, on the whole, pro-German. The *Germania-Herold* is felt by some to represent the German in America rather than the German-American, yet I was surprised to hear it characterized by one sensitive Germanic disciple of Kant as "muckerish." The pro-Germanism of the Milwaukee *Free Press* has brought that rather unsuccessful paper into some prominence. The rest of the daily newspapers show their environment mainly by the respect they pay to the news of German military successes. But the best of them give their readers an open forum for opinions on the war, in which the tendency appears to be pro-Ally. The agitation for an embargo on arms was met in the Milwaukee *Journal* by a characteristically independent article showing that Germany had sold munitions to the British at a time when the Boers were kept from importation as Germany is to-day.

The deferences of the Milwaukee press may be possibly explained by considering the last official census. The report of 1910 gave the city a total population of 373,857. Of this total 200,000 were of German stock, made up of 65,000 persons born on German soil and 135,000 born here of German parentage. It must be noted, in estimating Milwaukee opinion, that the number of German immigrants has decreased of recent years, so that the reservoir of persons born in Germany, unreplenished by later immigration, fell from 68,968 to 64,816 between 1900 and 1910. It should also be noted, incidentally, that about one-third of the foreign stock in Milwaukee, nearly 100,000 in number, is made up of Poles, Italians, Irish, Norwegians, Hungarians, English and Canadians. All of these small groups make for diversity.

A cursory impression of the City Club and the University Club leads one to believe that social intercourse in Milwaukee has not been embarrassed by the war. The only estrangements one hears about have occurred between ardent Germans and their neutralized kin, and between pro-German and pro-Ally Irishmen. If the rationality of the less cohesive Germans is any index, few Milwaukeeans feel it necessary even to avoid the subject in conversation. And there are signs that this rationality is more than conversational. A Milwaukee firm in which some prominent Germans are interested has supplied shell-cases for the Allies, and gossip has it that one of Dr. Dernburg's hosts sold leather goods to the British. As an ironic German lady puts it, "Geschäft ist geschäft."

Such irony, however, is not dwelt upon by those who represent Milwaukee best. They are concerned, as the well acclimatized Germans and the Socialist Germans recognize, with working out the difficult problem of neutrality in good will and good faith. They may admit that a system like Britain's, in which the civil dominates the military power, has a closer affinity to America than a system like Germany's. They may admit that this has unfortunately exacerbated some admirable transplanted Americans, even many of those who have given Milwaukee its estimably crimeless, orderly, industrious character. But while they do not resort to stigmatizing the more vociferous as "professional Germans," they are perfectly clear that our international relations are putting these adoptive citizens to an acid test. They regret the exigency, and in proportion as they are wise and fine it makes them honest in neutrality.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Business: a Real Conversation

THE salesman pushed his empty dessert plate toward the center of the table, drew his demitasse closer, bit a cigar, and eased himself on his chair. He frowned slightly at the hovering waiter, who disappeared. Then he cleared his throat ominously and leaned toward me over the table.

"Well, sir," he said, "I struck it dam' funny last week, but"—the glitter in his hard eyes deepened—"I'm going to put one over on 'em just the same!"

"Yes?" said I. He took a gulp of coffee.

"It was like this. I was up at Brindle—you know the town—manufacturing—; about forty thousand people. I'm selling telephone coupons now—they've got trading stamps beat four ways, though it's the same idea. We sell coupons to the retailer, and he gives 'em to his customers, and the customers—when they remember to—come in and cash in with us on the zone-call basis. Some people pay for their whole telephone service by trading at our stores and saving the coupons.

"All this, of course, is by way of introduction. What I'm getting at is this: First thing I did when I struck the town was to see Nick Goodwin. Nick and I used to be on the road together, back in the

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old A. B. Safety Razor days. He's always glad to see me. I slipped him the news, and told him that by six o'clock that night I expected to have about a dozen of the most progressive merchants of Brindle lashed to the mast and yellin' for a carload of telephone coupons—the same being the greatest trade stimulators known to humanity.

" 'The devil you will!' says Nick.

" 'Oh,' says I, coming up short at the way he said it, 'what's the row?'

" 'The Brindle Mercantile Association is the row,' says Nick.

" 'What's that?' says I, though I had a good hunch what it was, and could feel my backbone beginning to freeze.

" 'It's an agreement,' says Nick, 'whereby the merchant princes of this burg of Brindle do solemnly resolve to cooperate for the purpose of reducin' the more flagrant evils of competition, to wit: no trading stamps or simular devices, no cut sales, no keepin' the clerks up evenings tendin' store, no open shops Saturday afternoons in summer, no—' Lord! I couldn't begin to remember the drool that poured out of Nick as he ran off the by-laws of that association!

" 'Is this the United States or the kingdom of Heaven?' says I, bringing him up short in his readin' of the gospels, 'and am I dead, and where's my harp?' I says.

" 'Go on over to the Board of Trade Building and talk to 'em,' says Nick, 'they're holding their weekly meeting about now.'

"Well, sir, to say I was staggered would be to put it mildly. I've been up against a lot of phoney propositions, but that yap of Nick's was certainly the worst ever. It was only when I see a man on a coal-team whalin' the hell out of his horse that my faith in human nature began to revive.

"They were all up on the top floor of the Board of Trade Building—the whole works. I slips up to the secretary, whose name Nick had given me in one of his spasms, and I says:

" 'Mr. Nicholas Goodwin has sent me over to see you. I've just been showing him a new merchandizing proposition that is destined to revolutionize the retail trade. I'd like to tell the merchants of the progressive city of Brindle about it,' I says.

"The secretary cocks a fishy eye at me—a nasty sneakin' benevolent eye—and he promises me five minutes just before they adjourn. Meanwhile an old chop-whiskered idiot goes on reading a report about city-planning—*city-planning!* I give the place the once-over for that harp of mine again.

"When the secretary finally nods at me, I jumps up and hands it to 'em good. With a broad and flowin' hand I paints the stupendous advantages of telephone coupons all over the ceiling of that room. But though I sweated and sweated they sat there like lumps on a log. I was about as popular as a skunk at a lawn party. If it hadn't been for one old beefy-faced bird in the corner who showed one or two signs of life, I'd have laid right down and died. When I quit, the secretary gets up, and he rolls that sanctimonious eye of his over the solid mahogany domes there assembled, and he says:

" 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'this is a very interesting talk that we have just listened to, but I am unable to see how telephone coupons are going to help the business of this association, seeing that the members of the association do practically all the business there is to be done in this city already. Furthermore, those coupons are clearly trading-stamps and therefore contrary to our express agreement.'

"I jumps up on that and begins to wave the report we got from our lawyers provin' that telephone coupons are no more like trading-stamps than the North Pole is like the Sahara desert, but he goes plowin' right along, and there's nothing for me to do but sit down.

"Say! if you could have heard that party talk! Nick and his rules hadn't a look-in with him! He went on for about an hour—'high, thin altruisms' that a good sneeze would have knocked the stuffin's out of—all bunk; about giving their employees a square deal, and giving one another a square deal, and how they had all been cuttin' each others' throats for fifty years, dropping prices on each other, boosting hours on each other, advertising the souls out of one another; and here comes this association and makes 'em all friends instead of enemies, and steadies prices, and reduces hours, and lets a man sleep at night without seeing his competitor on the ceiling gettin' ready to drop a rock on him, and now everything's hunky dory; and you can't make more money simply by increasing your overhead costs, which is the coupon principle and—oh, hell!

"And what got my goat worst was that bunch of has-beens sitting there and waggin' their heads to all he said. I had to pinch myself to know I was awake. Business men swallowin' that Sunday School stuff as if it was the real goods! For heaven's sake, what's the world coming to? If it wasn't for that association they'd be cutting each other's throats fast enough. Human nature's human nature the world over. Business is business—not parlor sermons. The idea of a civilized man gulpin' down that bunk! Why, you've got to have competition! Where'd this country be without competition? Competition's the life of trade. You *can't* get up without kicking some one down. I ought to know. I've been sellin' for twenty years!"

In his emotion he had let his cigar go out. He

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paused to relight it, and to somewhat regain his composure.

"Well, sir, I'd have gone stark starin' mad listening to that fool secretary if I hadn't happened to catch sight of the beefy-faced one in the corner again. He was the only man in the crowd besides me who wasn't looking happy. I usually know when I got a prospect coming, and somehow I felt that I had got to that chap. I starts right in to do some tall thinking, and as the things go round, I begins to cheer up something stupendous. Pretty soon I lays hold of One Big Thought! In the midst of the funeral oration, I excuses myself and beats it back to Nick.

" 'Who's the party with the roast-beef face—looks like dry goods?' says I.

" 'Green,' says Nick, 'of Simmons and Green, Brindle's leading department store. He's been trying to bolt the association for the last two years. He's sore at shutting down evenings.'

" 'Thanks,' says I, and goes out. Pretty soon I finds this Simmons and Green Emporium, and leaves a card with the old man's stenographer. When I come back after lunch it's all O.K., and I sails right in to the private office and never comes out till six o'clock."

"Well?" I said.

"Well!" the salesman's big fist came down with a crash among the coffee cups. "If I haven't sold old Green and some others a piano-case full of coupons, and if that association ain't split in two, dead, defunct and rottin' by next week Thursday, may I never land another prospect!"

S. C.

Russia on the Defensive

SINCE the Austro-German advance is now well within Polish territory, north of the Galician frontier on either side of the Vistula, it is necessary to examine the territory and the prospects of Russian defense. The campaign in Galicia has practically ended. If the Austro-German advance can be pressed home, subsidiary operations east of Lemberg will have no bearing upon the decision. The fate of Warsaw must be decided west of the Pinsk marshes and on Russian territory.

But it is well to note that the Russian retreat to Poland from Galicia has resulted in the condensing of the whole campaign. Ever since the war began we have had three fairly clearly separated fields of operation in the east, ultimately merging into two. For many months the East Prussian campaign was wholly distinct from the Polish operation to the south and this was only vaguely connected with the Galician affair. When the Russians were driven out of East Prussia and behind their barrier fortresses, and the German armies from Posen and Silesia had moved east to Warsaw, the battle front from the Niemen to the upper Vistula became fairly unified. The Galician operation was still distinct.

Now the whole eastern campaign is developing into a grandiose attack upon a single Russian position, the great Polish salient. For the first time Austrian and German armies, in complete coordination and simultaneously, are seeking to force the Russians out of their main defensive position, by attacks from the south and north.

This military salient is a far different thing from the geographical outline of Poland. It is fairly well outlined by two railroad lines, that from Petrograd to Warsaw and that from Kiev to Warsaw. On the map they make a great V. The point is just west of Warsaw at the Bzura River, where the Russians have held the German advance since December. These railroads are covered by two lines of permanent defenses, based upon natural obstacles. The northern line is the familiar Niemen-Narew-Bobr line against which the German advance has broken several times, beginning with the Tannenberg campaign. Kovno, Ossowetz, Grodno, Neu-Giergiewisk, are the main fortified posts on this line, commanding the crossings of the rivers that give the line its name.

The Warsaw-Kiev railway is protected first by the Vistula as far as the fortress of Ivangorod, and farther to the east by the great Pinsk marsh and the forts at Rowno, Dubno and Lusk, which cover the railroads coming south to join the Lemberg line. But between Ivangorod and Kovel, at the western end of the great marsh, there is an open and unfortified gap in the center of which is the city of Lublin. Some hundred miles east of Warsaw and half way between the two sides of the V, is the principal Russian military base and entrenched camp of Brest-Litowski on the main railroad from Moscow to Warsaw, which is in fact the life-line of Russian military strength in Poland. From Brest-Litowski railroads radiate, permitting the Russians to send troops to either side of the V.

Now so far as it is possible to judge from present evidence the strategy of the latest Austro-German effort is comprehended in a drive between the

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Marsh of Pinsk and the Vistula straight at Brest-Litowski through the unprotected Lublin gap described above. If the drive succeeds, then all the Russian troops west of Brest-Litowski will either be enveloped and captured or will have to make a rapid retreat along the Petrograd railroad just behind the Niemen-Narew-Bobr line, which is also being attacked. The maximum of profit to the Teutonic allies will be the bagging of the Warsaw army; the minimum, given the fall of Brest-Litowski, the complete clearing of Russian Poland of the Czar's troops, the possession of all the railroad junctions, the river crossings and the highways west of the Niemen.

It remains to examine the Russian situation. First of all, as to the northern side of the V, it is well to recall that at all times the Russians have been able to hold it, even after such disastrous defeats as those of Tannenberg and the Mazurian Lakes. The armies that are now defending it have suffered no recent defeat and have shown complete competence in recent months. For the present, then, it is possible to neglect the northern operation, recalling, however, that new attacks are certain to be made here, if a serious drive against Russian power in Poland is undertaken.

Now as to the southern side of the salient. First of all the Lublin gap is unfortified, so far as military maps show. But between Ivangorod and Kovel there is a front of perhaps a hundred miles behind which there is a railroad passing through Lublin and Cholm. At Ivangorod, Cholm and Kovel railroads from Brest-Litowski touch this line. Here then is an ideal situation as to railroads, precisely analogous to the strategic railroads that served Germany so well on her own frontier. Not only are the Russians in position, connected by a line extending all along behind their front, but they can be reinforced from the center at the three points where an attack must come, Ivangorod, Cholm and Kovel.

By contrast, the situation of the Austro-German forces is far less advantageous. They are moving north from Galicia and have left the main Galician trunk line at Jaroslav and Krezow. For more than sixty miles their advance is over a country destitute of railroads and served by indescribably bad highways. All their ammunition, supplies, reserves, must be brought up by these wretched and infrequent roads. The country was wasted by the Austrians in their first unsuccessful drive over this region and again by the Russians in their recent retreat.

Unless the Russians have been too shaken by a long series of defeats and retreats, unless their ammunition is still wholly inadequate, they have the best chance to make a strong defensive fight that has come to them since they left the Dunajec, and for the first time they can fight with a foe who is wholly without railroad lines in his rear, who is far from his base and can only be reinforced after a considerable period of time, while Russian reinforcements can be sent to threatened points from the central base at Brest-Litowski over several railroad lines.

It is well to remember also that even if the Austro-Germans penetrate beyond Lublin and cut the Kiev-Warsaw railroad, the Russians have several defensive positions behind this along the Wieprz River, which enters the Vistula at Ivangorod. They will in these positions still retain the advantage of railroad lines to their base, but not along their rear. Until Ivangorod falls, or the Austro-German advance approaches Brest-Litowski, every advantage of position and transport will be with the Russians.

What is essential to remember now is that for the first time the Russians are within their defensive lines, are standing in the positions in which they expected to stand at the outset of the war, positions constructed against the possibility of a joint Austro-German attack against Russia fighting alone. They have stood on their similar line to the north for many months, but only in the first days of the war was there any offensive operation against the southern line, and it collapsed almost immediately.

One more detail. East and south of the Pinsk marshes from the Rumanian border to the swamps the Russians are holding a line well within Austrian territory and based upon the Kiev railroad. In the early days of the war, while the Austrians were driving north at the Lublin gap, the main Russian armies moved west on this front, overwhelmed the Austrians at Lemberg, threatened the rear of the Lublin expedition and very nearly cut off its retreat. The Russian railroads that sustain this front are not affected by the northern operations. Such troops as Russia does not require to defend the Brest-Litowski position can be driven west again along this line, and if the drive is successful the September campaign will be repeated, and the Austro-German advance toward Brest-Litowski menaced by the disaster that overtook General Dankl's army on a similar mission.

Briefly this is the new phase of the eastern operations. If the attack upon the southern side of the Polish salient is pressed home, the great contest must take place in the Lublin gap, and Brest-Litowski, with its railroads that are the life lines of Russian existence in Poland, will be the objective. But there remains the possibility that having cleared Galicia the Teutonic allies will now call back their masses, either to send them west or to make a new drive at the northern side of the Polish salient, where German advance can follow railroads and be easily munitioned and reinforced.

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But the essential thing to recall is that Germany has so far failed to get a decision in the east. Her Galician drive has ended in the escape of the Russian armies, who are now standing on their own prepared line of defense, and only the fall of Warsaw can give Germany anything approaching even a temporary decision in her main campaign.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Informal Rumania

BUCAREST, from the point of view of politics, is Rumania. Outside Bucarest live the peasants, in medieval ignorance, in dread of the tax-gatherer, politically negligible. Bucarest suggests the Paris of Louis XVI.

The city is not immoral, for it does not think of morals. In America there is often chatter about European "vice"—the night life of Berlin, the Paris to which the guides in front of Cook's invite passers-by—"naughty" Paris—all of which is vice exploited by hotel-keepers for simpletons. But Bucarest knows nothing of tourists or of exploited vice. Treaties and marriage contracts are alike scraps of paper, not to be taken too literally. One takes life easily. One observes the same amenities for all. One simply does not take marriage seriously or treat with disrespect a lady who has never taken advantage of that formality. And generally speaking, in all questions, public or domestic, one retains the right to change one's mind.

This is the country over which rules a man called Bratiann, President of the Council, with one eye on the House of Deputies, one eye on the cafés of the Calle Victoria (where the opposition caucuses), and both ears ready to catch the slightest murmur from the palace of the King. For Rumania has a good young German king.

At the beginning of the war Bratiann decided to be neutral—against the wishes of the old King, and contrary to a secret treaty, the Germans say—and neutral he has remained to this day. Deaf to the entreaties of Berlin, he has been willing only to trade a little grain and petrol for a few shells, for he doubts Austria's power to deliver the goods—the neighboring provinces of Transylvania and the Bukowina. Deaf likewise to the entreaties of the Allies, he demands no less than the Bukowina, Transylvania and the Banat of Temesvar, also the Russian province of Bessarabia, which Russia would not give Rumania—for services really valuable—after the Russo-Turkish war of 1878.

Rumania's reasons for these tremendous demands are indeed odd. Transylvania is Rumanian, and with the Banat of Temesvar was part of the Roman province of Dacia, conquered by the Emperor Trajan in the third century. There is a monument to the Emperor Trajan in Bucarest. Therefore Rumania is Trajan's heir. Bessarabia is demanded because it was part of old Moldavia, and because Rumania didn't get it in 1878. And finally the Bukowina is desired because there is to be found the grave of St. Etienne, a Rumanian saint who flourished in the early middle ages, and who has not been, up to the present, widely known outside his native land. But practically speaking, Bratiann is demanding all these tremendous territories because he thinks he can get them.

Bratiann was clever. First he made a deal with Bulgaria, whereby the latter promised to leave Rumania alone in return for the slice of Silistria which Rumania stole in the second Balkan war. Then he made his bid—not to Germany, for his reasons were Salandra's reasons. If Germany lost he got nothing; if she won, Rumania would become, accessions or no accessions, one of two vassal states. So he made his bid to the Allies.

The bid consists of an army of about 300,000 men. Bratiann never refers to it as less than a million, because he includes the whole male population of the country. Actually the 300,000 can be kept up to strength for some time in spite of losses, owing to a modern depot system of mobilization. The morale of the troops is in my opinion good, and the equipment very fair. There are munitions in hand for a campaign of three or four months. The geographical position of Rumania on Austria's unprotected flank makes it possible for a Rumanian army, properly led, to drive back the Austrians from the Dniester to the Carpathians, and to relieve Russia of a weighty enemy.

But will the Rumanian army be properly led? Are all the generals trained in the Café Continental? Is driving with beautiful ladies on the Calle Victoria, and picking the winner of the fifth race, and enjoying a code of morals followed by Trajan's successors, going to produce another Trajan? Neither in Rome nor in Rumania; that is the answer. The young men from the country will take off their white cotton drawers and shirts—all they wear—put on uniforms, and fight. But the officers will not be there.

If I were Bratiann I should not be ambitious for a Greater Rumania, won on the field of battle. I should educate a few peasants, reduce a few taxes—as Bratiann would like to do—and when I felt like it I should not mind driving, now and then, on the Calle Victoria. And as I watched the prettiest women in the world, bar none, I should fancy a Bavarian army corps on the streets of Bucarest, and I should stay neutral.

For war is a German not a Rumanian game.

GERALD MORGAN.

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Celebrating Independence

TO grow out of the noise the bluster and the cant of the old celebrations of the birthday of Liberty is the wish of an ever growing number. By all means celebrate, but safely and sanely, the people are told. What new program is offered? How shall communities express the joy that is in them, assuming that there is any joy? How shall the young ones be made happy and their elders pleasantly reminiscent and proud of their country, its glory and its achievement? Quite simply, it would seem. Let Americanization be the catchword, and let the people be told by eminent speakers how happy they should be as citizens of this great country. It was once said "Let there be light." These now say "Let there be joy"—as though joy could be created by fiat. The principal official celebration of New York City presented a spectacle of an audience of ten thousand sitting at night in the open air on stone slabs, listening to speeches differing very slightly from the good old spread-eagle variety, singing in unison a hymn entitled "God Save the President," words and music contributed by a Maine minister, and called upon in conclusion to observe "Miss Columbia and Uncle Sam," in the persons of two vaudeville performers, dance modern ballroom dances while the new portable searchlight invented by Mr. Edison played upon them. It was an incongruous inartistic blend of up-to-date advertising and publicity methods with old New England sentiment, interlarded with rhetorical references to our wonderful democracy.

What is there about this wonderful democracy which makes our community sense so starved and our attempts at community play so nearly ludicrous or positively pathetic? In Brooklyn on the night of July fifth I came upon a street celebration, one block closed to traffic, gaily festooned with lanterns, a band in the center of the street, crowded sidewalks where Jane, Hans, Pedro and Rebecca with fathers and mothers, little brothers and sisters crowded one another. On the balconies of the frame houses sat families, friends and relatives exchanging small talk. To the eye it was a fairly gay scene with the glowing lights of red and gold, orange and amber, against the trembling blue-black of the sky. The faces were like beautiful crystals, each facet gleaming with strange and glamorous reflections. But to the mind of the observer and to the spirits of those who wandered aimlessly on the street, what a sorry attempt this was at communal gaiety.

I stood in front of the bandstand. The rhythm of a popular two-step plainly moved the youthful ones to dancing, but no provision had been made. As the closing bars were sounding another band could be heard from a nearby street. The new music grew louder. March time. Expectancy. At last something was happening. A parade. Those near enough started for the end of the street—but no need. The parade turned the corner and passed the music stand. "It's the Elton Street crowd showing off its bigger band," remarked a girl as she recognized those in the line. Men and women with infants in their arms, shamefaced couples, rows of hard workers, some few score of children, all straggled by. There were no banners, no torches, no costumes. It was a diversion for both crowds, but evidently a disappointing one. Something might yet be in store. Hear! An announcement from the chairman of the committee. All eyes turned eagerly to the music stand. "I have the pleasure to introduce Judge X, the speaker of the evening." After creating suspense by calling upon a member of the committee to unstring some of the lanterns, presumably for a freer play of emotional gesture, the Judge began: "I wish to congratulate this community on its patriotic spirit and excellent choice of a committee. One hundred and thirty-nine years ago—"

Why was it all so sad? What was lacking in this well meant but abortive attempt of democracy to celebrate its own birthday, a failure so typical of so many other attempts throughout the country? To me as I stood there it seemed that what was lacking was art. Whatever little life there was in that street celebration came through its music and its lighting effects. More art, more room for beautiful play and self-expression by the crowd would have meant more life and more joy. Without a common feeling revealing itself in beautiful forms, all gatherings of people tend to be vulgar, foolish or stupid. To make a community group a social unit inspired, aroused and thrilling to a common emotion requires the presence of a common tradition, instilled and fostered by art forms. The Greeks realized this in their drama, in their religious celebrations, even in their athletic contests. The Italian cities revelled in pageants and festivals. The old guilds of artisans had their "moralities" and their miracle plays. Kings and princes stimulated respect for royalty in the many by exhibitions of imposing pomp and ceremony. But our own democracy, a democracy of mixed races and cultures which so especially needs the common language of art to bind its people in deep feeling, seems not to have realized the need for beautiful forms for self-expression.

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Here and there indications of promise and a possible new dawning of democratic art come to us. Pageants and festivals of local color and character begin to mark the holidays of some western communities; but for the most part our group celebrations are deficient in imagination. Committees of "successful men" arrange the old things in the old way. The cities, overtaxed, make niggardly appropriation, and there is no incentive to self-sustained celebrations by neighborhood groups, when the result anticipated is only a display of lanterns, a band and some dubious oratory. When "the four hundred" plans its gala nights and costume balls, they act as entertainers as well as entertained; and each costume is in its limited way a form of self-expression. They call on artists to plan tableaux in which a large number of those present are given still further opportunities for acting and playing. But communities rarely call upon the artists to arrange their celebrations. Not that our present day professional artists are always the best suited in the community to serve it in this way. But whether it be the professional artist, using this word in its broadest sense, the amateur or the layman who helps to organize play is only a detail. Art is necessary; not "high-brow" art provided from above for the crowd, but art forms created by the crowd.

An almost unexplored land of communal play is awaiting those who care to enter as pioneers. The use of colored lights in the open air; the planning at small cost of fountain effects with the fascination of intermittent streams illumined, or the equal fascination produced by lights coloring clouds of smoke or steam, simply enough generated—these are suggestions for celebrations at night, in the elaboration of which communities could vie with one another, with undoubtedly interesting results. Most effective would be costumed ring dances around these fountains or against the background of ascending colored clouds, dances in which the participants would compete in improvised steps and statuesque grouping. Appropriate tableaux could add to the picturesqueness. In time, too, a literature of simple dramatic content might provide for a still larger participation by the people.

Contrast the emotion of a crowd sitting through several hours of speeches with the mood of the same group gathered as a family party to watch brothers, sisters and children in tableaux, pageants, and dancing; a mood which those can best appreciate who have seen an audience of immigrant mothers stirred to their depths by the organized entertainment provided by their children. And as for Americanization, the explanations at home concerning costumes and tableaux, followed later by a view of the outdoor performance, certainly would have more positive promise for the development of emotional overtones of patriotism than that revealed by the average speeches of our politicians and district leaders.

In these suggestions the community is conceived as a small unit. The village is of course ideal, but in the large cities the school with its parents' association, its playground and its roof garden would be the natural meeting ground of democracy. With holiday play organized along these lines a community's pride would stimulate it to a more beautiful display of imagination than that of Elton Street "showing off her larger band." If our people cannot learn to organize democratically for larger issues, the lesson of organization might begin quite modestly but significantly in the planning of holidays which they could succeed in making not only safe and sane, but also gay and beautiful.

LOUIS WEINBERG.

The Vendor of Learning

THE woman wiping the suds from her hands admitted tentatively that Ignatius Jones might live there. She had thought at first the questioner was an agent, and opened the door only enough to peer blankly around it. When it developed that he wanted to see Ignatius' mother about Ignatius' work in school she stoically led the visitor into the parlor, in which a crayon enlargement of Ignatius' grandfather rebuffed him. Anything is permitted to one earning part of his college expenses.

So Will stared the portrait down, produced the letter from the superintendent of schools, the letter from the minister, and the printed copies of letters from Benjamin Harrison's former private secretary and the Governor's second cousin. He talked brightly about the wonderful advances in electricity and the recent explorations in Thibet. He and Mrs. Jones agreed that energetic boys needed only to be interested in progress in order to become great. Will, so he told me afterwards, came almost to believe what he was about to say when he whisked from under his coat the dummy of the "Handy One-Volume Encyclopedia of Useful Facts for Young People."

The instruction pamphlet had warned that it might be fatal to allow the customer to say anything for the first five minutes. There were the illustrations to be shown and explained—the Natural Bridge of Virginia, the Eight Wonders of the World (recently promoted from seven by the addition of the Hoe printing press), the telautograph, which could transmit drawings of McKinley a thousand miles by wire, the wireless telegraph, and the submarine, which had made war impossible.

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A fiery painting of Colonel Roosevelt leading the charge up San Juan Hill was the stirring climax of the history section. Then followed an enumeration of the exclusive features, twenty of them, which made this handsome volume unlike all others.

Will was prodigal of hints as to what it might do to Ignatius' imagination and intellect. He painted for the mother a vibrating vision of her son's future personality as a sort of composite of Edison, Sven Hedin and Vice-President Fairbanks. After that it was easy to argue that all this knowledge could be bought for four dollars at only twenty-five cents a week. The least the Encyclopedia could honorably do was to add a dollar a week to Ignatius' future salary. The cost might easily be repaid a thousand times. Of course, one needn't buy the full morocco edition at ten dollars, yet it was very handsome. . . .

If Mrs. Jones had kept her stolidity beyond this moment a further oration might have been hurled at her. But she betrayed a tremulous eagerness, restrained by the timid conscience of an empty purse. She was trying to dare to be extravagant. Will was not hardened as a book agent. He returned the dummy to its lair and arose.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones," he said, "to have troubled you. I am afraid I have praised the book too highly. It is cheaply done, after all. Send Ignatius to the public library. It would be an unjustifiable expense to buy the Encyclopedia."

For a second, Will said, he felt the elation of sudden magnanimity and bold truth-telling. Then he began to share Mrs. Jones' chagrin. By her flush he saw that she was suffering because of her poverty. But there was deeper pain than that. He had betrayed her new faith in learning. She was bitterly disappointed not to have been able to provide for her son all knowledge for four dollars in cloth, ten dollars full leather. As Will went down the cracked and peeling tar walk he scuffled with sudden shame because he had not allowed her to do so.

Two years later Will began his literary career by looking for a job in a publishing house. The most prosperous firms, he was told, were those which printed "subscription" books. He finally landed in the advertising department of the Home College Society, which had recently acquired the plates of the twenty-five year old "Redpith's History of the World" in nineteen volumes. He became adept at choosing for his advertisements old engravings which depicted ladies of heroic mould sliding down the waves of the flood, or Alexander's Triumph, full of dancing maidens, palms and torches. He filled large pages with agate type quoting what great men had said about history and its importance. He enlarged on the drama of fact as opposed to the drama of fiction. The big type on the page was always as ugly as possible; it offered to send something *Free*, and advertised heartless cuts in prices. The principle was simple: each advertisement must convey the impression that nearly everything could be learned by reading the books, and that one could acquire them for as near to nothing as the express rates would permit. It took an expert in calculus to arrange the various instalment offers so that they should appear intensely cheap while bringing in as much as possible.

When Will inspected the morning mail, full of conscientiously written letters from clergymen in Osceonta, Mich., or widows in Sauk Center, Miss., he sometimes revolted from sending back the long imitation typewritten letters used as "follow-ups." He knew the debauch of false and useless information for which these people would squeeze their purses. But then he remembered the interview with Mrs. Jones and reflected on the impossibility of explaining to the inquirers the discoveries of comparative history, of telling them how small and few are facts, how difficult and treacherous is interpretation. By no means could he have succeeded, if he had tried, in convincing them that no man—not even Roscoe Redpith—could sit in his library and write truthfully a nineteen-volume history of the world, as if he had seen it all happen the day before.

The next year Will attained a position with a more reputable house. This time he was comforted with the thought that he was trying to sell a great encyclopedia, compiled by an editorial board of renowned scholars. Almost any praise, he felt, could truthfully be given it. He went at his job with enthusiasm; immense numbers of the work were sold. At length, however, something in the attitude of the purchasers troubled him. They seemed to reflect his confidence too vividly. It disgusted him a little that people should have such implicit trust in paper and type. He found a wistfulness in their belief and their gratitude that here at last was a final and comprehensive summary of learning, which could be packed in a box and sold for forty-seven dollars. He almost wished that they might be right, that final truth should remain codified in his encyclopedia. Yet over his shoulder he could see the editorial department working on the next edition.

One night Will began to speculate on this curious trait in others out of which he had made his living. Everybody, even the most intelligent, seemed to trust that somewhere was an abstraction of everything, which could be found and digested. Some believed that they had it at the moment; the rest were always credulous that they could find it around the corner—if not in encyclopedias, then in re-

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ligions, or sciences, or universities, or their own heads. Even his wife was often implacable because of her belief in abstract justice, which was merely her own conception of justice stiffened by its masquerade as divinity. Descartes, who had doubted everything, merely did so to start a fresh attempt to discover that which could not be doubted. If, thought Will, one should arrive at the conclusion that there is no final truth, that in itself would be an attempt at final truth. Why is it that we should so indefatigably try to pack away the infinite, to secure it at bargain prices? Why should we always have to get it piecemeal and pay for it on the instalment plan?

For a moment before he fell asleep, Will said, he had a fantastic vision of a race of human beings cutting coupons off advertisements in a gigantic magazine, being cheated and misled with vain hopes century after century by some invisible, eternal book-agent. Then Will wondered what would be our chagrin if the book-agent should treat us as he himself had treated Mrs. Jones. But, he reflected, Mrs. Jones would have discovered in the end what he had told her in the beginning; and if she had not, she would have been as badly off. And suppose it were possible to know final truth, would not a person who knew everything be just as insufferable as one who thought he did? So he dozed off with the comfortable conclusion that, after all, the Mrs. Joneses had the better of it, since it would be equally unfortunate to doubt the existence of truth, to think for long that one had found it, or really to have digested it all.

GEORGE SOULE.

"Traffic in Absolutes"

An Extract from John Dewey, with a Review, and a Footnote

The Extract

WHEN what a people sees in its intellectual looking-glass is its own organization and its own historic evolution as an organic instrument of the accomplishment of an Absolute Will and Law, the articulating and consolidating efficacy of the reflection is immensely intensified. Outside of Germany the career of the German idealistic philosophy has been mainly professional and literary. It has exercised considerable influence upon the teaching of philosophy in France, England and this country. Beyond professional circles its influence has been considerable in theological directions. Without doubt it has modulated for many persons the transition from a supernatural to a spiritual religion; it has enabled them to give up historical and miraculous elements as indifferent accretions and to retain the moral substance and emotional values of Christianity. But the Germans are quite right in feeling that only in Germany is this form of idealistic thinking both indigenous and widely applied.

A crisis like the present forces upon thoughtful persons a consideration of the value for the general aims of civilization of a philosophy of the *a priori,* the absolute, and of their immanent evolution through the medium of an experience which as just experience is only a superficial and negligible vehicle of transcendent Laws and Ends. It forces a consideration of what type of general ideas is available for the articulation and guidance of our own life in case we find ourselves looking upon the present world scene as an *a priori* and an absolutistic philosophy gone into bankruptcy.

In Europe, speaking generally, "Americanism" is a synonym for crude empiricism and a materialistic utilitarianism. It is no part of my present task to try to show how largely this accusation is due to misunderstanding. It is simpler to inquire how far the charge points to the problem which American life, and therefore philosophy in America, must meet. It is difficult to see how any *a priori* philosophy, or any systematic absolutism, is to get a footing among us, at least beyond narrow and professional circles. Psychologists talk about learning by the method of trial and error or success. Our social organization commits us to this philosophy of life. Our working principle is to try; to find out by trying, and to measure the worth of the ideas and theories tried by the success with which they meet the test of application in practice. Concrete consequences rather than *a priori* rules supply our guiding principles. Hegel found it "superficial and absurd to regard as objects of choice" social constitutions; to him "they were necessary structures in the path of development." To us they are the cumulative result of a multitude of daily and ever-renewed choices.

That such an experimental philosophy of life means a dangerous experiment goes without saying. It permits, sooner or later it may require, every alleged sacrosanct principle to submit to ordeal by fire—to trial by service rendered. From the standpoint of *a priorism,* it is hopelessly anarchic; it is doomed, *a priori,* to failure. From its own standpoint it is itself a theory to be tested by experience. Now experiments are of all kinds,

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varying from those generated by blind impulse and appetite to those guided by intelligently formed ideas. They are as diverse as the attempt of a savage to get rain by sprinkling water and scattering thistledown, and that control of electricity in the laboratory from which issue wireless telegraphy and rapid traction. Is it not likely that in this distinction we have the key to the failure or success of the experimental method generalized into a philosophy of life, that is to say, of social matters—the only application which procures complete generalization?

An experimental philosophy differs from empirical philosophy as empiricism has been previously formulated. Historical empiricisms have been stated in terms of precedents; their generalizations have been summaries of what has previously happened. The truth and falsity of these generalizations depended then upon the accuracy with which they catalogued, under appropriate heads, a multiplicity of past occurrences. They were perforce lacking in directive power except so far as the future might be a routine repetition of the past. In an experimental philosophy of life, the question of the past, of precedents, of origins, is quite subordinate to prevision, to guidance and control amid future possibilities. Consequences rather than antecedents measure the worth of theories. Any scheme or project may have a fair hearing provided it promise amelioration in the future; and no theory or standard is so sacred that it may be accepted simply on the basis of past performance.

But this difference between a radically experimental philosophy and an empiristic philosophy only emphasizes the demand for careful and comprehensive reflection with respect to the ideas which are to be tested in practice. If an *a priori* philosophy has worked at all in Germany it is because it has been based on an *a priori* social constitution—that is to say, on a state whose organization is such as to determine in advance the main activities of classes of individuals, and to utilize their particular activities by linking them up with one another in definite ways. It is a commonplace to say that Germany is a monument to what can be done by means of conscious method and organization. An experimental philosophy of life in order to succeed must not set less store upon methodic and organized intelligence, but more. We must learn from Germany what methodic and organized work means. But instead of confining intelligence to the technical means of realizing ends which are predetermined by the State (or by something called the historic Evolution of Idea), intelligence must, with us, devote itself as well to construction of the ends to be acted upon.

The method of trial and error or success is likely, if not directed by a trained and informed imagination, to score an undue proportion of failures. There is no possibility of disguising the fact that an experimental philosophy of life means a hit-and-miss philosophy in the end. But it means missing rather than hitting, if the aiming is done in a happy-go-lucky way instead of by bringing to bear all the resources of inquiry upon locating the target, constructing propulsive machinery and figuring out the curve of trajectory. That this work is after all but hypothetical and tentative till it issue from thought into action does not mean that it might as well be random guesswork; it means that we can do still better next time if we are sufficiently attentive to the causes of success and failure this time.

America is too new to afford a foundation for an *a priori* philosophy; we have not the requisite background of law, institutions and achieved social organization. America is too new to render congenial to our imagination an evolutionary philosophy of the German type. For our history is too obviously future. Our country is too big and too unformed, however, to enable us to trust to an empirical philosophy of muddling along, patching up here and there some old piece of machinery which has broken down by reason of its antiquity. We must have system, constructive method, springing from a widely inventive imagination, a method checked up at each turn by results achieved. We have said long enough that America means opportunity; we must now begin to ask: Opportunity for what, and how shall the opportunity be achieved? I can but think that the present European situation forces home upon us the need for constructive planning. I can but think that while it gives no reason for supposing that creative power attaches *ex officio* to general ideas, it does encourage us to believe that a philosophy which should articulate and consolidate the ideas to which our social practice commits us would clarify and guide our future endeavor.

Time permits of but one illustration. The present situation presents the spectacle of the breakdown of the whole philosophy of nationalism, political, racial and cultural. It is by the accident of position rather than by any virtue of our own that we are not sharers in the present demonstration of failure. We have borrowed the older philosophy of isolated national sovereignty and have lived upon it in a more or less half-hearted way. In our internal constitution we are actually interracial and international. It remains to see whether we have the courage to face this fact and the wisdom to think out the plan of action which it indicates. Arbitration treaties, international judicial councils, schemes of international disarmament, peace funds

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and peace movements, are all well in their way. But the situation calls for more radical thinking than that which terminates in such proposals. We have to recognize that furtherance of the depth and width of human intercourse is the measure of civilization; and we have to apply this fact without as well as within our national life. We must make the accident of our internal composition into an idea, an idea upon which we may conduct our foreign as well as our domestic policy. An international judicial tribunal will break in the end upon the principle of national sovereignty.

We have no right to cast stones at any warring nation till we have asked ourselves whether we are willing to forego this principle and to submit affairs which limited imagination and sense have led us to consider strictly national to an international legislature. In and of itself, the idea of peace is a negative idea; it is a police idea. There *are* things more important than keeping one's body whole and one's property intact. Disturbing the peace is bad, not because peace is disturbed, but because the fruitful processes of cooperation in the great experiment of living together are disturbed. It is futile to work for the negative end of peace unless we are committed to the positive ideal which it cloaks: Promoting the efficacy of human intercourse irrespective of class, racial, geographical and national limits. Any philosophy which should penetrate and particulate our present social practice would find at work the forces which unify human intercourse. An intelligent and courageous philosophy of practice would devise means by which the operation of these forces would be extended and assured in the future. An American philosophy of history must perforce be a philosophy for its future, a future in which freedom and fullness of human companionship is the aim, and intelligent cooperative experimentation the method.

JOHN DEWEY

— in "German Philosophy and Politics." (Henry Holt and Company.)

The Review

A CONFLICT in ideas is not in itself of any popular importance. The idea of nationalism in India, for example, is clearly inimical to the existing British order, but the average Englishman will never lose any sleep about this idea until it takes menacing form. Like the tuberculosis germ that always inhabits him, he pays no attention to it so long as it does not interfere with his conduct. But of course as soon as it grips him actively he becomes vividly aware of its existence and acutely anxious to comprehend its habits, its intentions and its pedigree.

So far as the average American was concerned, the German ideas of "national mission and destiny" had little more significance in the years gone by than the tenets of the Doukhobors or the dangers of beri-beri. The postulations of Germany might have been deemed flagrant, but so are the postulations of certain African tribes. And Americans no more felt the ache of their irreconcilability with these postulations than the Bishop of Albany feels the ache of irreconcilability with Shinto.

The inculcation of force, even, did not disturb the American. Many ideas within his own borders have been emphasized by the inculcation of force. It was probably not until Germany unlimbered its huge military machine and began pouring lead into the heart of Belgium that the average American realized what bloody business "national mission and destiny" could mean. Then, in the flare of catastrophe, he began to read anew the postulations of German philosophy and to frame for himself the motives which before he had dismissed as words.

At first shot the motives of Germany were discerned in Treitschke, Bernhardi and Nietzsche, men who previously were no more denounced for political diabolism than are the present spokesmen of Japan. It was natural that such writings should be seized upon, that Nietzsche should be held to have justified the Germans as supermen and Bernhardi be held to have proclaimed that might is right. That the ideas of Bernhardi really flowed from an unrecognized source above, that he based his assertions on "obligation" and "self-determination," was conveniently overlooked. Few honestly had inspected the watershed of German thinking, or could analyze the state-directed public opinion. And in the absence of better understanding the more sceptical inclined to discard the theory that Germany had a sinister idealism at all.

The service that John Dewey performs in the three lectures in this little volume is to trace the cartography of modern German idealism and to show how the stream which came from Kant could so appropriately float the submarine that torpedoed the Lusitania. It is not by any means Dr. Dewey's contention that the captain of the submarine derived his orders straight from his philosophy. Dr. Dewey is not naïve. What he seems to mean is rather that in the revolution wrought by Kant one may find "the grounds and the sanctions" for the morality which permitted such a performance. The lectures were delivered, of course, before that particular exploit. But it is their virtue that they explain in advance how an act like this could be moral in the eyes of Germany.

The "combination of self-conscious idealism with unsurpassed technical efficiency and organization in the varied fields of action" is, as Dr. Dewey sees it, the chief mark of distinctively German civilization. This he does not claim to be the result of a conscious adherence to the philosophy of Kant. But he does claim, "primarily, that Kant detected and formulated the direction in which the German genius was moving, so that his philosophy is of immense prophetic significance; and, secondarily, that his formulation has furnished a banner and a conscious creed which in solid and definite fashion has intensified and deepened the work actually undertaken."

The germinal idea of Kant, as Dr. Dewey delimits it with a full appreciation of the audacity of his selection, is "the idea of a dual legislation of reason by which are marked off two distinct realms—that of science and that of morals." This removal of morals from the zone of science and this freeing of science from the governance of morals, of "superstition, sentimentalism and moral and theological romanticism," is the distinction of Kantian philosophy. Its first effect, apparently, was to sanction the German in the pursuit of mundane power. Its second effect was to create a realm for the gospel of moral duty. But duty to what? "The gospel of a Duty devoid of content naturally lent itself to the consecration and idealization of such specific duties as the existing national order might prescribe. The

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sense of duty must get its subject-matter somewhere . . . and its appropriate subject-matter lies in the commands of a superior. Concretely what the State commands is the congenial outer filling of a purely inner sense of duty." It is that, and not any organized sociability, which is intimated by the word Kultur.

How the State came to be the organ of divinity and patriotism a religion, how in consequence the Germans devised their anthropological metaphysics and rewrote history in the light of their mission, how the military arm became part of the "moral embodiment" and how the "truths of pure reason" escape "the arbitrament of reasoning" is the tale Dr. Dewey unfolds in these lectures. In a most compact and suggestive manner he diagnoses in their many aspects the chief contributions of Fichte and "the unbridled pretensions of Hegelian absolutism," but he sees them principally as they accepted the invitation of "the supernal but empty region" ordained by Kant. Kant provided the womb of the supersensible now peopled "with the substantial figures of the State and its Historical Evolution and Mission." With this conception of the State so authenticated, the Hegelianism of Bernhardi is at once understandable, and the philosophic justification of war. "History is the movement, the march of God on earth through time." "War is the signally visible occurrence of such a flight of the divine spirit in its onward movement. The idea that friendly intercourse among all the peoples of the earth is a legitimate aim of human effort is in basic contradiction of such a philosophy." So also "International law is not properly law; it expresses simply certain usages which are accepted so long as they do not come into conflict with the purpose of a state—a purpose which always gives the supreme law of national life."

To a man like Dr. Dewey, whose measure of civilization is "the depth and width of human intercourse," this idea of a consecrated people is naturally repugnant, especially when the consecration is bolstered by such illogicalities as the German national appropriation of Shakespeare. The antinomy between American experimentalism and German absolutism is only the more clear to Dr. Dewey since the absolutism he has always criticized has become aggressive.

Philosophy uncolored by time and place is not credible to this writer. Much "philosophic reflection," as he discerns it, is conditioned by contemporary purpose and is "in effect simply an idealization, for the sake of emotional satisfaction, of the brutely given state of affairs." Most gestures of the mind "are ephemeral; they reveal the state of him who makes them rather than effect a significant alteration by conditions. But at some times they are congenial to a situation in which men in masses are acting and suffering. They supply a model for the attitudes of others; they condense into a dramatic type of action."

Ironically applicable as these remarks are to Germany, "an aggressive and commercial nation" whitewashed by Kantianism in carrying on "commerce and war simply from the motive of obedience to duty," it is also evident that they are equally applicable to Dr. Dewey himself. These lectures are eminently congenial to the American situation. Whether they represent that idealization of which he speaks, they are certainly of that mixed quality which comes from the influence on philosophy of practical social affairs. It is nevertheless true that for America to-day they give the most intelligible interpretation of the ideas deliberately inculcated by Germany. And it is the kind of interpretation which Americans, at a loss otherwise to understand German motivation, are likely to embody in "their permanent dispositions of action."

F. H.

The Footnote

WHEN he says that the true American philosophy must be one of radical experiment, Professor Dewey opens up a curious question. He is urging us to do something never done before by any other people. He is urging us consciously to manufacture our philosophy. There would be no more complete break with the tradition of thought. The whole value of philosophies up to the present has been that they found a support for our action in something outside ourselves. We philosophized in order to draw sanction from God, or nature or evolution. The theory was that our philosophies determined us; we conformed to them. Now comes Professor Dewey to argue that we ought to make our philosophies for our own needs and purposes. At first it will surely seem a light-minded performance to say that because a people lives under certain conditions and has certain problems to meet, this people ought to have a philosophy which will help it to deal with these problems. The absolutists will assert that philosophies are not like clothes which change with the climate and the occupation, but steadfast principles by which man guides his course in a mazy world.

What justification is there for this ultimate impudence which would allow a people to make its own philosophy? The justification is in the fact that people have always made their own philosophies. They have made them unconsciously, and because they did not know how or why they had made them, the systems if they worked well seemed very noble. But as a result of modern research we know too much about the way ideas are created to have any very sentimental illusions about the divinity of their origin. As Professor Dewey says in an earlier part of the book from which the passages printed above are quoted: "Every living thought represents a gesture made toward the world, an attitude taken to some practical situation in which we are implicated." We may add that the gesture can represent a compensation for a bitter reality, an aspiration unfulfilled, a habit sanctified. In this sense philosophies are truly revealing. They are the very soul of the philosopher projected, and to the discerning critic they may tell more about him than he knows about himself. In this sense the man's philosophy is his autobiography; you may read in it the story of his conflict with life. From almost all philosophies you can learn more about the men who made them than about the world which they strove to interpret.

But if once we grant that most philosophy is not a revelation of absolute principles, but a human being's adjustment of his desires to his limitations, then we can hardly turn round and regard your own philosophy as less human in its origin. We cannot say: "These others wrote biographies, but I am writing eternal truth." We have to assume that we too are making our adjustment to life, and we refrain from taking our ideas at any superhuman valuation. Being forewarned and on his guard the modern man asks himself: Why have I come to believe so-and-so? He means to ask not only what the external evidence is, but why he should be interested in a particular idea, what there is in his spiritual life which makes him welcome a certain system of ideas. Why are certain principles congenial to him, why does he find these "facts" particularly convincing?

By the time he has been through such self-examination, a man will unquestionably have corrected part of the more obvious personal bias of his thought, and he is not likely to be in any very grandiloquent mood. But if he has real integrity he will not assume that even his cor-

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rected philosophy is more than his personal reaction to the world. To be sure, other people may have much the same reactions, the greater part of a nation or a continent may have it, and in that case his philosophy will have a following. But to each person for whom it has any meaning at all that meaning will be that it expresses his human relation to particular times and particular problems. And so no pious mumbo-jumbo need surround any system of ideas.

Here then is the justification for an experimental philosophy so radical that it is ready to experiment with philosophy itself. All philosophies are experiments, but they are unconscious ones. They all represent an attempt to make ourselves better at home in the world. What Professor Dewey urges us to do, if I understand him correctly, is to recognize the real nature of philosophizing and to make the best of it. Instead of spinning our thoughts blindly and calling them absolute truth, let us spin them deliberately and be ready to change them. Let us continue to write autobiographies, but let us be sure we know they are autobiographies. Let us recognize that the true use of philosophy is to help us to live, and having recognized that, let us pour into it all that we know and can learn of what we ourselves are and what the world is like in which we move. It is perhaps inevitable that we should write our autobiographies, but this at least is clear; they will be known for what they are, and they will be less capricious because we have made them with our eyes open.

I began by saying that Professor Dewey had broken with the whole tradition of philosophy. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he had broken with the pretensions of philosophy. Professor Dewey is really urging us to do what philosophers have always done; he has asked us, however, to put away the illusions of divinity with which they shrouded their work. That pretentiousness is the enemy. It turns human thoughts into monstrous absolutes, and takes the impossible position that some of man's thoughts are too sacred for man's criticism.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

A COMMUNICATION

Representation

SIR: As the first of August, 1915, approaches—one year of a war in which the future of every nation on this planet is engaged—the planet has been increasingly filled with wise phrases. Last March Mr. Elbert H. Gary, in one of those cantilever articles of his, protruding dizzily from his past articles and speeches, said: "Now it is rapidly dawning upon the clearest-thinking of our citizens that there is still a higher kind of efficiency than that of competitive individualism, namely, the efficiency of properly devised and safeguarded cooperation." On our Flag Day in June, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge speaking at Lynn brought cheers instead of cheer to a crowd by thrillingly picturing the right to safety of every individual under our flag.

Just as we had to wait for national business depression to move Mr. Gary, and the possible imminence of war to move Mr. Lodge, the one to utter a wholly great truth and the other a half truth, so it required war itself to make the Prime Minister of England say: "We have for the moment one plain and paramount duty to perform, to bring to the service of the state the willing and organized help of every class in the community." And Lord Selborne: "The whole of our organization must be built on the reasoned and willing assent of a free people." For whatever purpose Germany is using her efficiency, it is because Germany has built it on truths like these that she has it, not merely because of her military organization. Her real strength is the German producer and the German consumer behind the soldiers. That Prussian militarism is for the time able to make use of this strength is entirely another story.

The Prime Minister says: "We have for the moment one plain and paramount duty." Why for the moment? Why not for all time, in peace as well as in war? The climax of the wise thinking I would cite may be found in the editorial "Retribution" in THE NEW REPUBLIC for July third, and in the English *Nation* for June nineteenth in the article "To Unite the Nation." In the first we find: "To their dismay the English are discovering that a business anarchy which never served any purpose, which was simply an individual struggle of caprice, habit, accident and speculation, cannot suddenly be transformed into an organization national in scope to serve a definite end." "Industry exists" primarily "not for profit but for service." The form, we would add, in which individuals connected with industry—whether wage earners, managers or stockholders—may be allowed to absorb their pay, though important, is comparatively a detail. And in the *Nation*: "We must show to the world that the trade unions are as integral a part of our civilization as the House of Commons, that they can be brought into full cooperation with the Government, and that the power so conferred on the nation is more than a match for all the drill and compulsion in the world."

These are large phrases and big thinking. Under great stress and in certain clumsily big ways they are being put into action as emergency methods. But they are also easily susceptible of smaller, more delicately adjusted daily application; and the aggregate of results from such numerous local applications would be vastly greater than any powers of organization the world yet knows. The one word which sums all the phrases up, and their form of action if they come to life, is *Representation*. Representation is the oldest, the simplest, the most effective and the most neglected principle of organization, and it is most neglected where it is easiest attained and where we need it the most—at the very base of our producing and consuming system.

Such a base is any business concern, and it is the easiest and perhaps the most fruitful place to build up representative action. Some concerns have representative action fairly systematically developed; others use it occasionally, but often with conspicuous success. Therefore fortunately we are dealing both with a sound theory and one proved practicable and practical.

But the obstacles to its general use lie in the make-up of the vast majority of business men and politicians. The corrupt and the sheerly greedy among these we can ignore.

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A rapid clean-up would be made of them, were the problem of the remainder—the great bulk—solved. The problem is a peculiarly baffling one because the great group of business men and politicians of whom we are now speaking are in many ways useful and effective citizens and men of pretty keen intelligence in many fields. At their best they are represented by the men and phrases we cited at the start; that is, under crises they respond and even respond truly, but in the great daily press of life, the vast continuing crisis of ignorance and its resulting class warfare, they hardly respond at all, and if at all, usually in over-individualized and pathetically palliative ways. It is this class of men who, after all their good points are admitted and praised, remain the great inertia—the sublimely self-satisfied, successful men of business, politics and the professions. The world swarms with them—trains, ball games, theaters, colleges, churches, homes. Clean-shaven, neatly shod, always improving in health, well read, many of them very well read, members of all kinds of organizations, they are a vegetable class and grow up or are cut or burned down about as the forests were till the conservationists took hold. These people, capable of helping in their conservation in a somewhat more lively way than the trees, have shown few signs of doing so. If anything, when approached they seat themselves more comfortably in their chairs and exude a little further atmosphere of satisfaction. It is these people who are responsible for England's dilemma to-day; it is these people in the United States who are so living as to keep us in industrial and social unpreparedness. It is these people whom our job is to convince that any particular form of business organization in the near future will stand or fall by the service it gives. A great part of their quality as obstacle, a great part of their social ineffectiveness, is their inability to think straight and clearly outside their inherited and immediate affairs, and also their routine timidity.

When we say, "Industry exists for service not for profits," we are not attacking profits. Proof that the profiteering system is completely desirable would not be inconsistent with our contention. But neither a profit system nor any socialist system must interfere with service. And service consists in two things of prime, equal and inseparable importance: first, quantity and quality of production; second, constantly increasing sound citizenship on the part of every worker, whether laborer or manager or legal adviser.

England's present need shows, our future needs show, that no concern must be allowed to take men and women off for eight to ten hours and more a day and debar them opportunities in that time to learn government; that every industrial concern must so organize its work that the work itself will be training in citizenship; that, in short, every industrial concern must rapidly follow the lead of the few concerns already so organized as to supply this training—a training supplied only by that most vital principle of organization, representation.

The essential principle is that every interest existing where people work or deal together must be represented in organized and effective ways in the decisions made. Effective orders can come only from the organized consciousness of the fully representative group. England tried to order munitions otherwise, and even with the nation's life at stake, logically and properly failed. We should study deep into the causes and effects she is showing us and reorganize ahead of our need. In every place men meet we should try to carry to our dangerously complacent business men this tremendous story of the need of industrial organization along lines of representation.

R. G. V.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

National Honor

SIR: The temper of our reply to the German note, our future relations with Germany—if not indeed with the rest of the world—hang on our appraisal of the term national honor. If we view national honor as an obligation to maintain the "law of humanity" with respect to neutrals on the high seas surrounding the British Isles, it is difficult to see how diplomatic relations with Germany can be continued much longer. And if they are broken, it is equally difficult to see how our present technical neutrality will not develop into active un-neutrality, which obviously will mean the active hostility of Germany, the probable repetition of the Lusitania disaster, and, sooner or later, war.

What does "national honor" bid us do in such a case? Are we to suppose that national honor can be maintained only by going to war? Because national interest demands that we stay out of the war, does it necessarily follow that national honor demands that we go into it?

For once, if ever, national interest and national honor in this crisis coincide. Not only shall we be better off if we can keep out of the war, but every belligerent will be better off—both now and later on. The highest conception of national honor demands that we do actively and energetically every possible thing we can do to bring this war to an end. And more, it demands that we so prepare ourselves now that we may be in a position later to help reconstruct the broken ideal of a permanent peace, and to help rewrite international law in the better interests of all nations. This is our opportunity, our duty—the one humble, it may be, but vital contribution that America can make to the relief of this whole ghastly business—our "national honor," if you will.

Ten months ago all America was saying, "This is not our war." I maintain that this is exactly as true now as it was then. England and Germany in the fight are throwing stones at each other. England by her Orders in Council threw an "illegal" stone—illegal, that is, according to that somewhat nebulous thing we call international law. Germany by her submarine blockade responded with another stone—illegal by the same standard. England's stone was well enough aimed to hurt seriously only her enemies. Germany's was so poorly aimed, or aimed, more accurately speaking, in such a manner that it could hardly help hurting us. And hurt us it did, and dangerously. We tell Germany she must promise not to do it again, that we shall hold her to "strict accountability." Germany sulks back that she's sorry, but it's England's fault. We ask Germany in the name of humanity not to hurt us again. Germany replies that she won't, provided we accept certain conditions which the press of the country promptly calls evasive and insulting. Then it turns to the President and says, "Keep us out of war. It isn't our war. But hold Germany to 'strict accountability'!"

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What's the answer? What can we expect Germany to do? Our present stand insists upon the maintenance of traditional international law in the war zone. (We know perfectly well that the submarine will modify it in the future.) Both England and Germany have violated international law so far as it applies to neutrals on the high seas. Can we restore it by joining forces with one belligerent against the other? Surely we do not imagine that England would revoke her Orders in Council because of our presence at her side as an ally, nor Germany her submarine blockade for the same reason!

With the rules of the game broken by both sides, what conception of national honor requires us to ask one offender to restore the rules while we let the other go scot free? Germany's latest note, however preposterous its proposals, shows plainly a disposition on Germany's part to meet our wishes. It contains the basis of a *modus vivendi*. We should bear this in mind and continue negotiations. If Germany fails to meet squarely the issue of humanity raised by this government, it should not be forgotten that the issue itself has been raised solely through our own failure to recognize that the high seas around the British Isles are no longer free in fact, however free they may have been in theory.

It is well on a battlefield for neutrals to keep out of the range of the guns. It is equally well when a battlefield has been made of the high seas to travel thereon according to rules upon which both belligerents and neutrals can agree. The emphasis of our future negotiations should be on the establishment of such rules. To this end England as well as Germany should be made a party to the negotiations.

R. C. H.

New York City.

The Unrevolted Wife

SIR: The communication of Florence Wyman Richardson, which appeared in THE NEW REPUBLIC of June fifth, entitled "The Revolt of Wives," is a specimen of a pernicious form of pseudo-idealism which has its roots either in intellectual dishonesty, or in ignorance of the realities of life. It is a pity that so many who feel called upon "to hold aloft the banner of the ideal" should, like Ibsen's Hilmar, turn from the realities of human experience with an uncomprehending shrug of disgust.

There is no question that is of more vital concern to all humanity than this of the right relation of the sexes. And yet, strangely enough, there is no subject that is so obscured by current and generally accepted falsehoods, none which is discussed with so little frankness and veracity.

The author of "The Revolt of Wives" asserts one of the traditional falsehoods, with much of the traditional exaltation of spirit. Her contention is that women are free from sexual desire, that their part in the sex relationship is purely submissive. They may, through marriage, have "learned a measured complaisance," but they regard the experience as "the sacrificial fire of their love and devotion."

That statement is wholly revolting to me as a woman. It implies a degradation of all womankind that is hopeless, from which there can never be an escape except through the suicidal renunciation of all sex life. I must admit, however, that your contributor speaks from no solitary eminence of isolation. There is a widespread hypocrisy among women, which causes them tacitly to accept this view, apparently with the belief that it adds, in some mysterious way, to their charm and virtue. And yet every woman who has had any emotional experience with men knows that it is absolutely false. Every mother who has daughters of her own, every teacher, every social worker who has come into intimate contact with adolescent boys and girls, knows that it is false. And yet, the wretched assumption does pervade not only our common speech, but much of our specialized effort in behalf of education and reform. And this in face of the fact that day after day the most pitiful human tragedies are being enacted before our eyes, showing unmistakably the price that youth must pay for making its own discovery of the lie.

I hold no brief for the present institution of marriage. I know that many of our burdens are borne vicariously by the illegitimate child and the prostitute. I am aware that many sexual sins and excesses are committed under the cover of the marriage ceremony. I know of loveless marriages that are closely akin to legalized prostitution—and the bearing of a child does not relieve them from this infamy. But I also know of many perfect unions, where life is lived on the very highest plane of mutuality. Needless to say such a relationship would be quite impossible if the woman were, as your contributor contends, merely the passive, non-resistant victim of man's lust and sensuality. What, pray, would give any woman the claim to a real or a fancied superiority over the prostitute, if she brought only the prostitute's emotional indifference to this experience?

Having eliminated woman's sex nature from the discussion, Florence Wyman Richardson, in common with others who have expressed their views through your columns, reduces the whole question of sex relationship to one of man's continence, and then concludes that there should be no intercourse between men and women except for the purpose of bringing a child into the world.

Setting aside the possibility of conscious insincerity, the wonder grows as to whether your contributor has any real comprehension of the implications of the idea which she so ardently supports.

Is she aware, I wonder, that the great majority of working men in this country do not earn enough to support even three children in decency? She avows her belief in family limitation—through man's continence. Has she honestly considered the import of her ideal in such situations as these? If she has taken the economic conditions into account has she seriously considered the psychological and the physical implications of her ideal? Is she aware of the essential difference between the advocacy of continence for the married and the unmarried? Does she recognize the part that the family, the home, play in this whole situation? Does she realize the fact that it is just these cherished institutions—to whose defense I am sure she would rally—which differentiate the sex life of men and women from that of the beasts of the field, which lend it its serious economic and social aspects, and make it one of the distressingly vital problems of civilization?

Your contributor talks of revolution. Is she prepared for the revolution that is implicit in her ideal—to abandon the intimacy of the home, the family, the marriage relationship, and allow for the substitution of other psychological factors and other physiological needs than those that now grow out of and dominate the present situation? This is, I believe, our only course if we are to honestly and safely accept the twofold belief that there should be no intercourse between men and women except for the purpose of bringing a child into the world, and that no undesired child should be begotten.

DAISY LEE WORTHINGTON WORCESTER.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

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Books and Things

THE bad luck of Ernest Dowson has pursued him after death, for about the last persons to be entrusted with any man's memory were Mr. Arthur Symons, who wrote the biographical sketch of Dowson in the first edition of the poems some fifteen years ago, and Mr. Victor Plarr, the author of a recent volume of Dowson memorabilia. Not but that they meant well. Both knew Dowson personally, or at least they thought they did, and both were staunch admirers of his talent, but while their hearts were conspicuously in the right place neither of them had any head for biography. A wretch so far gone as the Dowson depicted by Mr. Arthur Symons would not have had enough sound fiber in him to achieve poetry; he could have achieved only delirium tremens. A poet may become an utter wreck, but an utter wreck cannot become a poet, and it is evident that the young author of the ode to Cynara must have retained some hale and hearty elements in his composition.

Biographers of frail, unhappy poets are apt to harrow us up unnecessarily, for life is still strong in a man if he can curse his days beautifully, and a good deal of pleasure has gone to the making of some very sad songs. Moreover, if you really shattered a good poet you would get out of him no melancholy music whatever, but sounds more nearly resembling a leading article in the London *Times*. Stun a good poet and he might write something like Tennyson's "Ringlets, oh ringlets"; hit him again and harder and he might linger along in a state of Alfred Austin; do for him altogether with drink, women, tuberculosis, and poverty, and out of the ruins of his constitution would come no imperishable ode to dejection or delicate decadent verse. If at that stage he wrote at all, it would be something that conveyed absolutely no emotion, something like a new book on the war, last week's best novel, or the annual report of the Department of Agriculture.

Writers on decaying poets seem not to know the forms of expression that would naturally accompany the successive stages of their decay. When the relation between literary and physiological vitality becomes better known we shall no doubt have more reasonable views of poetic morbidity. The time may come when we shall say of a man that in his twenties he wrote some admirable minor verse, but decayed afterwards into a Presidential candidate or a popular novelist; or that so-and-so, in his youth a writer of charming idylls, suffered an injury to the brain and became Commissioner of Education; for the literary symptom of a poet's intellectual dissolution is very bad prose.

In the queer, muddled reminiscences of Dowson, recently published by Mr. Victor Plarr, there is an attempt at least to set this matter straight. Mr. Plarr wishes "to rescue the poet's memory betimes" from this legend of depravity, which, he says, must have arisen "in the two closely allied consciences of America and of British Nonconformity." He describes him as "a pleasant youth, who played billiards punctually at six o'clock every evening and smoked rather vile Vevey cigars." Once, only once in eight years, he saw him under the influence of liquor, and on that occasion he merely stood for a while on one foot, leaning against a lamp-post, and then suddenly darted forward and paid a lady's cab-fare—by no means an orgy, thinks Mr. Plarr even in these "pallid days," which he proceeds to contrast with the brave old time when he was "a small boy in St. Andrews, Fifeshire," and when "only those were called drunk who lay in the gutter on their backs."

But aside from this and a few hitherto unpublished letters Mr. Plarr does not add very much to our knowledge of Ernest Dowson. For he has that middle-aged coquetry of the intellect which prevents a long attachment to any single theme and he is about as well suited to the writing of biography as would be, for example, Dame Quickly or Henry James or the Widow Bedott or one of those centrifugal elderly gentlemen who when asked if they ever saw Abraham Lincoln are immediately reminded of a visit to the Crystal Palace on the occasion of an aunt's birthday. The simple fact that a certain thing did *not* happen to Ernest Dowson will remind Mr. Plarr of all sorts of things that *did* happen to somebody else. He is stimulated to a detailed narrative of his own wedding journey by the mere reflection that he never once laid eyes on Dowson all through it. I do not think this arises either from indifference or egotism. I believe he has sat for hours keeping his mind open for thoughts of Dowson, but that somehow other things would get in. I have no doubt, for example, that he would have much preferred to think about Dowson than about the kind of hats probably worn in Alsace in 1880, but the hats occurred to him and Dowson did not.

Charming as digressive people often are there is a sort of inhumanity in entrusting them with the biography of anybody but themselves. It is like burying the body in a Potter's Field. What, for example, becomes of Dowson's memory, if left in the custody of a mind that moves like this: Dowson, Mr. Plarr tells us, never did any work for a certain Professor Warr, although there was talk of making Dowson his secretary. That is all there was to it. A reasonably consecutive person would check himself after mentioning it and try and think of something that Dowson did do. But Mr. Plarr's mind does not even attempt to get back to Dowson; it simply goes onward with Professor Warr. He is reminded of the scenery of some Greek plays introduced by Professor Warr in the eighteen eighties, of the aid rendered by Mr. Walter Crane in their production, and of the "delightful furniture" in the Warrs' "beautiful house" (Crane may have had a hand in designing that also); he is reminded further that Professor Warr died suddenly of heart disease at two o'clock near the top of the staircase a short time after Mr. Plarr had handed him a copy of Rostand's lines on Kruger (by-the-by, they were much finer than people thought) which he had in his pocket at the time; also that Professor Warr's wife died some years later of dysentery on board a ship from Athens to Syracuse and that she had previously told Mr. Plarr that at one time she had suffered greatly from malaria in Italy.

Perhaps a mind like this goes by opposites and might yield golden results if you knew its secret laws. Ask Mr. Plarr some question about Dowson's life and he is able at once to describe with crystalline clearness Mrs. Warr's malaria. If asked about Mrs. Warr's malaria, might he not attain a sudden and complete lucidity on the subject of Dowson's life? But perhaps the solution of the problem is not so simple as this.

F. M. Colby.

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The Next "Inevitable" Conflict

Pan-Americanism, by Roland G. Usher. New York: The Century Co. $2.00 net.

PROFESSOR USHER, in his sub-title, describes his book on Pan-Americanism as "A Forecast of the Inevitable Clash Between the United States and Europe's Victor"—which is sufficiently definite as a thesis and would indicate that it is the author's task to justify conclusions of an alarmist kind. Yet in the preface, and again and again throughout the book, he disclaims such object. He tells us, indeed, that he leaves "advocacy and proselytizing for those who will draw conclusions from the body of ascertained facts I have done my best to gather." The alarming "inevitability" of the sub-title we find on examination to be a contingent inevitability, which is not inevitability at all; and the subject matter of the book—in the words of the preface—the relation of the United States to the "probable" or "possible" crisis which the end of the war "may" precipitate. "I have not scrupled," says the author, "to examine hypotheses about the future, to compare the probable results of policies and discuss remote possibilities of war and conquest." And we are further warned with emphasis more than once that in the discussions of these "remote possibilities" he does not even present his own ideas, but "the contradictory views held by different sections of the community," and that therefore he must not be charged with the consequent inconsistencies.

The caution is certainly necessary, for Professor Usher has applied his system to all but one section of his subject with bewildering thoroughness. One chapter points to one conclusion and the next to an exactly contrary one; and the author generally gives no hint as to which he favors. Although the chapter-heading of the foreword announces the "inevitable clash," the third page of the text calms us by the statement "that we need not conclude of necessity that we are in real danger or that armament is our true recourse . . . It does not follow that we are in danger because we are not ready to fight." In the first chapter of Book II we read that because of "an economic problem which is permanent . . . we need not doubt the existence of a motive which may lead the victor of this war to invade the Western Hemisphere" (p. 123); though a few pages later we learn that "in no event is a German army likely to set foot upon the soil of North America . . . any notion that Germany would even dream of conquering America is based upon a fundamentally incorrect conception of Pan-Germanism," (p. 136) and in South America "no conquest of arms would be desired" (p. 146). Nor does the author seem to forecast that the victory of the Allies would lead to invasion. At most apparently it would result in a prohibition by England of any increase of the United States trade with Latin America (p. 159). The precise process of this prohibition or control is not explained. But, "will there not be here ample material for disagreement and dispute for recrimination and diplomatic difficulties and, it may be, for arbitrary restrictions and acts leading to war?" (p. 160). The inevitability is thus watered down finally to an interrogation; or, as we find later in the book, is contingent upon the adoption of a certain optional policy by the United States.

One can sympathize with Professor Usher's intermittent stressing of the element of inevitability, because without that kind of emphasis it is, in practice, almost impossible to call due public attention to dangerous tendencies or drifts of policy. The great mistake of pacifists, for instance, in the past has been to be too little alarmist. It is no part of the pacifist case that collision or war is unlikely to occur; rather does the strength of their case rest upon the fact that wars are dangerously likely, and that the old recourse of meeting the danger merely by piling up armament while leaving the policies which lead to conflict unchanged, has never been and is never likely to be a real preventive, and that only by a thorough-going readjustment of policy based upon a frank international discussion of rival aims can we hope to avoid shameful failure in the management of our society. And in one section of his book—that dealing with Pan-Americanism, properly speaking—Professor Usher has made a real contribution to that discussion. He has there found it quite unnecessary to deal in mutually destructive theses, to present monstrously foolish conclusions of anonymous "sections of the community." You are left in no doubt whatever as to the author's opinion or as to the conclusion to which his facts point: Pan-Americanism is a fiction, or a mere aspiration, based not on economic, political, social or geographical realities, but upon a host of ignorant fallacies. The conclusion is arguable but is most ably supported by a body of suggestive, arresting and unmistakable fact and reasoning.

Professor Usher's treatment of this part of his subject stands out in such clear contrast to the other parts, because in dealing with the policy or ideal of Pan-Americanism he has distinguished sharply between the facts—as he conceives them—and people's opinions about the facts. He has gone to the foundation of the thing and asked, "What are the material facts of geography, distance, finance, etc. involved?" In the case of the economic motives and causes of past and possibly impending international conflict he has not gone to the foundation. Throughout the book, save for a small portion of one chapter and possibly a paragraph or two elsewhere, he has assumed that the old Mercantilist conceptions of international trade and of national interest do themselves represent the final facts of the case and must be regarded as the unchanging factors of international relationship.

Now while it is true that a prevailing false opinion is itself a fact in politics, it is a fact which, unlike material conditions of soil or the physical facts of distance and geography, we can change and are changing the whole time, by discussion and understanding. And this distinction is so tragically important because the only real hope of improvement in this matter lies in the destruction of the old fallacies concerning the relation of military power and conquest to national welfare.

What case does Professor Usher present in order to justify the description of his book as "a forecast of the inevitable clash between the United States and Europe's victor?" The assumptions which seem to underlie most of the contradictory presentations are these: That the victor in the European war will desire not so much to colonize South America as to acquire it as a field of trade monopoly, and for this purpose will attempt forcible exclusion of United States trade (Book II). In this of course the victor will come into conflict with two existing American policies, or with one having two names: Pan-Americanism, and that interpretation of the Monroe doctrine which means "the exclusion of Europeans and of European influence as a matter of principle from the Western hemisphere." From such a situation there can result only one thing, "war with Europe's victor in the first place and with South America in the second place." (p. 402).

It is in his support of this thesis that Professor Usher gives apparent sanction to the old Mercantilist doctrines. These doctrines may not of course represent his own view

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but—save for a small part of the chapter on disarmament—he employs them as though they were the universally accepted axioms of the discussion and as though they had not been opposed by authoritative economists for several generations. He thus strengthens the impression of inevitability of conflict at the cost of diverting attention from the one ground of hope that should be assiduously cultivated. He just assumes, very nearly through the whole of the book, practically without discussion of the point, that the industrial nations are "rivals" in trade, that what one gets the other loses, and that their economic development represents a competition for strictly limited "markets" and that out of this arises a conflict deeply rooted in real sustenance need. Germany is represented as being impelled by these needs to "strike a crushing blow at her adversaries' prosperity" (p. 149), and England as looking upon even the United States as a "dangerous rival" whose foreign trade is to be checked by British military and naval power (p. 158). The assumption that political power, even in peace, determines the currents of trade is carried so far that the development of Central American trade with the United States during the last fifteen years is gravely ascribed to the withdrawal of the British fleet to European waters during that period, thus "giving the naval supremacy of the Western Hemisphere into American hands!" And when the destruction of the German fleet places that supremacy once more in British hands, England will by some unexplained process use her "supremacy" to prevent further development of American trade in that direction.

What the settlement of the very grave problems involved in these issues needs—and without it there can be no settlement—is the general realization that America will lose nothing by European development economically in South America, nor Europe by ours; and that if clash comes it will come, not from any necessary hostility of interest, but from misunderstanding of interest. All the talk of the inevitable clash for markets leaves out of account half the facts. If we want expanding markets in South America we should welcome the investment of European money therein; if we want to sell harvesters to Argentina we should be glad to have Europe buy her wheat; and if Europe is to buy her wheat Europeans must sell something in some foreign market wherewith to get the money and so become our competitors somewhere. A market is not a place where things are sold; it is a place where things are bought and sold; and the one operation is impossible without the other, a fact which makes our competitors necessary to our markets and our markets impossible without our competitors. "America" is no more a "rival" dangerous or otherwise of Great Britain or Germany, than Virginia is a rival of Missouri. These political units are not economic units at all, nor are they trading corporations; to the extent to which there is economic competition and rivalry it goes on between individuals and not between states. These things are of course very elementary economics and this is not the place to develop them, but the whole fabric of "inevitability" of struggle for economic ends between nations falls to pieces when due account is taken of them.

To the extent to which the old economic misconceptions dominate international politics they do so by virtue of the momentum of old ideas. It is always a slow process by which better thinking gets translated into political action. For a century and a half or more, from the days when David Hume poured his contempt upon the "narrow and malignant opinion" that one nation had any interest in checking the economic expansion of another, and prayed "not only as a man but as a British subject for the prosperity of Spain, of the Germanies, aye, and even of France," the economists almost to a man have thought one way and the politicians acted another. For the philosophy of political aggression does not get its main inspiration from the economists or even from the traders and merchants but from the Bernhardis and Treitschkes or the popular admiral, general and politicians who have seldom been economists even of the most elementary kind. But this lagging of political action behind the best contemporary thought is not merely true of international relations. Montaigne was laughing at witchcraft two hundred years and most educated men a hundred years before the politicians and lawyers stopped burning witches.

Nor need we assume that even if enlightened feeling and opinion on international relations became general, serious economic questions would not arise between states. They would. But what makes those differences now so fatal is precisely this general feeling that the possession of political power over others is an economic need of the life and death order. When one state of the Heptarchy fought with another over some question of cattle-grazing or fishing the war was from "economic causes" and doubtless the wise men of the time spoke of the inevitability of struggle between nations for sustenance. But there was no inevitability about it. That the war did not arise from any real sustenance need was proven by the fact that both states sustained their people immeasurably better after they gave up the habit of fighting one another. When the inhabitants of Great Britain were engaged in the "struggle for bread" by war with one another, the island supported with difficulty, and frequent want and famine, anything from half a million to a million inhabitants. When they stopped this form of struggle for existence the island supported in infinitely greater comfort a population twenty or forty times as large. And so little is it true that the great states of the world like America are England's "rivals" to-day that a sensible proportion of the British people is absolutely dependent upon such states for its livelihood: let all these "rivals" be destroyed and those people would have to starve or emigrate.

Nor has the use of political power for the control of trade or the imposition of trade monopolies been, as a matter of simple historical fact, any permanent element of a people's economic development or any real "insurance for their future." The mercantilism of the type assumed by Professor Usher to be the motive of modern wars was applied ruthlessly by an enormously powerful Spain with a hemisphere for experimental ground; and the more she applied it the poorer she became. Pretty much the same could be said of Portugal and of France, while England's greatest commercial and industrial development synchronises with the abandonment of those methods. Great states wielding immense political power have seen the welfare of their peoples arrested or declining while little states with no means whatever of enforcing their supposed interests by military means—the Switzerlands, Denmarks, Hollands, Belgiums, Swedens—have shown a steady upward movement and to-day display a standard of wealth and welfare not outdone by any great naval or military state of the world.

Not that we need assume necessarily that there is nothing whatever to be said for political power as a means of economic advantage. There was a great deal to be said both socially and morally for political power in another field—the control of religious belief by the state, the policy which gave us the wars of religion. But that policy, once nearly universal, has been abandoned not because every argument which led to it has been answered but because the fundamental one has. That argument was based on the belief that a people's possession of religious truth was dependent

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upon the possession of preponderant military power over religious "rivals." In our day a people's prosperity is deemed to be dependent upon the possession of preponderant military and political power over economic "rivals." When it is realized that mere political power, preponderant force over others, is, in any positive sense, as ineffective to the ends of promoting prosperity and welfare as to the ends of promoting religious truth, we shall be within distance of making wars between the political groups as obsolete as are wars between the religious groups. And just as the realizations to which we owe the disappearance of the religious wars were the result of a change of mind and attitude due to widespread discussion—largely the indirect work of the Reformation—so by the dragging of international problems into the arena of normal political discussion, by the growing perception that those problems are an integral part of all social problems—which socialists have always realized—we may get a corresponding change of mind and attitude in our international relations. And then —and probably by no means which does not include this process—will the "inevitable" conflicts be made avoidable.

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From the Paris Embassy

The Note-Book of an Attaché, seven months in the war zone, by Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Co. $1.60 net.

IF men were machines the best idea of a war could be derived from the officially minded. A book like "War and Peace" would not be fundamental. But since men are flesh and blood and since war is supremely a human experience, the records which most of us are still seeking of the present struggle are those which see war with the human eye and feel it with the human heart. Among such books, very few of which have appeared, "The Note-Book of an Attaché" deserves particular attention.

It is hardly the author's fault that as his volume progresses it becomes less significant. His notes were a by-product of his personal activities in Europe, and as those activities were diplomatic and social after the poignant first three months they naturally lose in drama. One could, indeed, have well spared the record of his stylish visits in Hungary, his pheasant shooting and his meals with Countesses. But if the latter chapters come as an anti-climax, despite the military appendix and the report on the disgusting prison camp at Döberitz, there is enough in the earlier narrative to make it richly contributive.

It took courage to remain in Paris during the German advance. Mr. Wood is candid about the panic that was precipitated. He describes ambassadors and consuls "white of face and perspiring with nervousness." "Not a single British hero was to be found in the diplomatic corps with nerve enough to risk the inconveniences of a siege. The Ambassador of another country, who fled with the crowd, left in spite of orders from his King absolutely directing him to remain." At the cry, "The Germans are coming," the potential authors of imposing green, pink, blue, yellow and white papers were evidently green, pink, blue, yellow and white with fear. "Mr. Herrick," the young American notes, "looks on with calm amazement."

"The truth of the matter is, we got damn well licked." That is the way an English officer, "grimy, dirty and sweaty and greatly embarrassed thereby," told of the retreat from Charleroi. "His men shot and shot and shot until they became sick of killing, and the Germans kept coming, always coming, their ranks riddled and smashed by bullets and shells. The British all agree that the German troops have an unflinching, dogged, brutal courage, which nothing seems to daunt."

Those words, "smashed by bullets," took on sharp meaning when Mr. Wood a week later "walked silently among the dead." "We counted seventeen bodies within a circle thirty paces in diameter." It was the battlefield of the Marne. "The combined casualties of the two sides were close to two hundred thousand on a front of something over twenty miles and a depth of about fifteen miles." And Mr. Wood illustrates the word "casualties." "In their last retreat the Germans had dragged their desperately wounded into halls and doorways . . . We looked into one hallway only. Here amidst a stifling stench, five Germans were propped up; three were dead and the other two barely alive; all were covered black with flies and the living and the dead were eaten by white, weaving masses of maggots."

In his analysis of the battle of Marne, written after his visit to the battle in company with Colonel Allen and Captain Parker, Mr. Wood declares that the French won this desperate and crucial battle "because their field artillery was superior and because, man for man, they outfought the Germans." What "outfought" means may in turn be deduced from one little description. "The sole survivor of the fatal cross-fire was a boy with a tiny black moustache. Undaunted, he had charged alone in among the Germans and had received many bayonets in his heroic body. He lay on his back among the German cartridges fifty yards ahead of the row of his dead comrades."

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Art in the Trenches
Armand Dayot, French Inspector-General of Fine Arts, made an automobile trip along the battle-front, collecting sketches made by distinguished young French artists in the trenches. Fifteen of these have been reproduced and are supplemented by M. Dayot's paper on the artists and their work.

No. 45,637 Missing
A piece of fiction by Dr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon, the Dutch historian, which tells the most gigantic chapter in a nation's history by telling the simple story of a single man—an average Belgian burgher.

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